

LIFE

IN THIS ISSUE

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

REPORTS HER DISCOVERY OF A
SPIRITUAL RENAISSANCE IN EUROPE



MIROSLAVA

IN

THE BRAVE BULLS

JULY 10, 1950

20

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION

\$6.00

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THIS KELVINATOR ELECTRIC RANGE

WITH AUTOMATIC OVEN TIMER

18 GREAT EXTRA-VALUE FEATURES!

all for only **\$239⁹⁵***

See All You Get At This Low Price!

1. ***Clock and Oven-Timer Control!** Set it and forget it—provides automatic oven cooking.
2. **"Up-Down" Unit!**
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12. **Handy Cooking Chart!** Gives helpful time and temperature information.

Plus all these valuable cooking aids, too!



13. Nest of 3 clamp-covered aluminum Scotch Kettle insert pans. Cook 3 foods at the same time.



16. Adjustable, 7-position rack makes roasting easier, better!



14. Aluminum deep-fry basket. Makes deep-frying easy!



17. Oven-sized aluminum cookie sheet. Helps you bake perfect cookies!



15. Deep-fat frying and cooking thermometer, for better cooking results!



18. Copper-clad singing tea kettle . . . with trigger spout.



You, too, can take afternoons off!

It's really *automatic cooking*! Just place a full meal in the oven . . . set the Automatic Timer . . . and leave the kitchen! Return at dinner time to find your meal ready and waiting—and done to a turn! What's more, you get new beauty of design . . . deluxe

features . . . extra-values everywhere! This model is just one of 5 marvelous Kelvinator "buys" you'll see at your Kelvinator dealer's. Find his name in your classified phone book. See his EXTRA-VALUE DEMONSTRATION, now!

**GET DELUXE
FEATURES
YOU'VE WANTED
FOR YEARS!**



AUTOMATIC OVEN TIMER! Easy-to-use Oven-Timer Control starts, times and stops cooking operations. It saves time . . . frees you from meal-minding!



VERSATILE "UP-DOWN" UNIT! Down, it's a thrifty Scotch Kettle for soups, deep-fat frying, stews. Changes in one easy motion to a fourth, 7-heat surface unit!



NEW HIGH-SPEED "ROCKET" UNIT! It's superfast! Boils a pint of water in approximately 3½ minutes! Heats it to scalding in about 2½ minutes! That's real speed!



HIGH-SPEED BROILER! Gives quick, intense, radiant heat like charcoal. Even, penetrating, it seals in food juices. Reaches broiling heat in seconds!

*Suggested price shown is for delivery in your kitchen. Installation, if any, state and local taxes extra. Suggested price and specifications subject to change without notice.

KELVINATOR, DIVISION OF HARS-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

Get the Speed . . .

Get the Features . . .

Get the Buy . . .

Get Kelvinator



Look for this emblem. Awarded to "5-Star" salesmen of Kelvinator dealers . . . it assures you the highest standard of courteous, helpful service!

Snail



Quail

There's a tremendous difference
between a "snail" and a "quail"

- and there is a powerful difference, too,
between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline!



"Ethyl" gasoline is *high octane* gasoline. That's why it brings out the top power of your engine—makes a difference that you can feel on hills, on the open road, and when you need quick power for passing or acceleration.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

ETHYL CORPORATION... New York 17, New York

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake... ethylene dichloride... sodium (metallic)... chlorine (liquid)... oil soluble dye... benzene hexachloride (technical)

This One



CTK1-LZE-8TPY

Got a minute?



Have a Hires!

You can enjoy Hires most anywhere . . . at fountains . . . from automatic dispensers . . . or by the bottle. When you want refreshment, ask for Hires. It makes a minute mean so much.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

GAMBLING

Sirs:

Your story ("Gambling in the U.S.," *LIFE*, June 19) is a highly effective piece of work, and will do a considerable amount of public good. However I must take issue with you on the statement you made regarding the city of New Orleans—that we are fighting "a losing struggle" against gambling. New Orleans in 1946 was wide open in every respect. We had 6,000 slot machines by Federal count; we had over 1,000 handbooks operating openly with loud speakers in public places; we had public gambling houses, roulette, dice, lotteries and every type of allied gambling. During the past four years of our administration, we would estimate that 95% of this is gone. . . .

As you probably know, there are people in this community who fight our policy of effective enforcement day and night. Their approach is to try to discredit the city administration by loose talk and ridiculous stories. I agree with your story that effective law enforcement is a very difficult proposition and, may we add, quite thankless. . . .

DELESSEPS S. MORRISON
Mayor

New Orleans, La.

● The Mayor's antigambling campaign has gone well against slot machines, but handbooks and lotteries are still plentiful. To *LIFE* and to seasoned New Orleans observers it is still "a losing battle."—ED.

Sirs:

. . . Except for the section on New Orleans, your gambling article was excellent. About New Orleans you are no doubt wrong. The figure of 443 places open and paying off should have been more like 886.

R. H. POLLARD
New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

There is one obvious solution to the problem of gambling. We cannot eliminate the professional gambler, so why not eliminate the customers by making everyone a licensed gambler?

GEORGE L. SHUE
Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs:

You overlooked the fact that all life is a gamble. Why be concerned about the fact that suckers lose their money on dice or horses or keno. It's their fun—why not let them enjoy it.

Nobody calls me a sucker for spending \$10 on football or theater tickets, but if I lose \$10 on an afternoon at the races, that's different! . . .

E. P. DALLENTY
New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

. . . The argument that men like to gamble, always have and always will, loses some of its punch when we consider that men like to do other things, including adultery, larceny and murder.

JOHN P. McLAUGHLIN
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Who says the poor gambler can never beat the house? Didn't *LIFE* read about the unidentified man in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Dry up harmful dampness fast...!

IN BASEMENT

Check rust,
corrosion,
damp walls,
dank odors!



IN CLOSETS

Guard against
musty odors,
limp clothing,
mildewed shoes!



IN PANTRIES

Help prevent
soggy crackers,
lumpy sugar,
salt and flour!



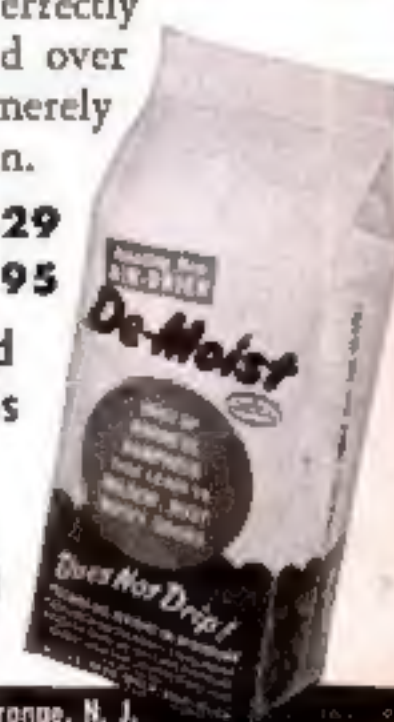
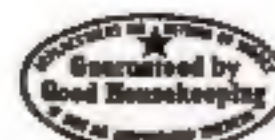
De-Moist.

ABSORBS EXCESS MOISTURE
OUT OF THE AIR

Don't put up with mildew, rust and musty odors. De-Moist pulls dampness out of the air like magic! Soaks up its own weight in moisture, but does not drip! Easy to use; just hang it up. Odorless! Perfectly safe! Can be used over and over again by merely drying out in oven.

CLOSET SIZE \$1.29
BASEMENT SIZE \$4.95

at Hardware and
Department Stores



G. N. Coughlan Co., West Orange, N. J.

Why Didn't Your Mother Give You Amm-i-dent Tooth Paste?



Today more dentists recommend Amm-i-dent Tooth Paste and Powder than any other dentifrice in America!

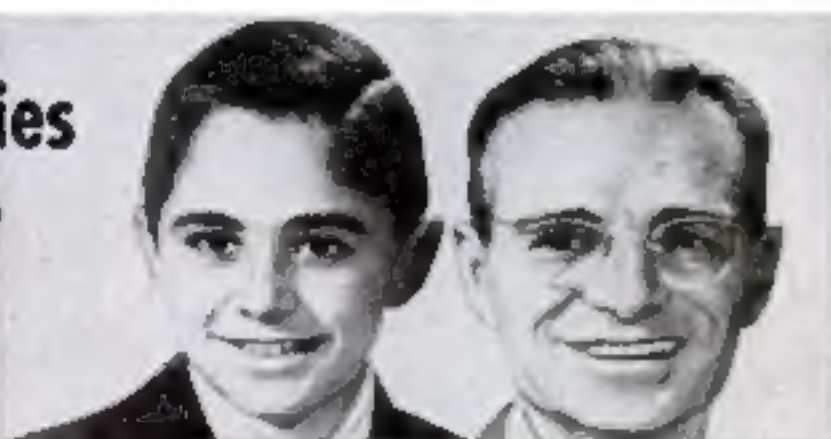


NEW!
Giant Size
Save up to 25c

Too bad! This child has not had the benefit of ammoniated protection against decay. His mother was "too smart" to believe the ads that told her..

Amm-i-dent Helps Prevent Cavities!

No Cavities at Last Check



Think how pleased Mr. Lucatorto is! His son, Tom, was a boy who got lots of cavities. Mr. Lucatorto got Amm-i-dent for Tom during test research, in powder form. And this is the result: in four years, using Amm-i-dent, Tom has had but one cavity—a remarkable record for a growing boy. Think of it! One cavity in four years! How does that compare with the records of your children?

Mr. Lucatorto also started

using Amm-i-dent himself at the same time. He has reduced his cavities, since using Amm-i-dent, by 52%. And the last time the Lucatortos went to the dentist neither had a single cavity.

(Mr. Benjamin Lucatorto and Tom live at 1423 Fteley Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. Their records of tooth decay, before and after changing to Amm-i-dent, have been seen and attested to by a Notary Public.)

"Just another exaggerated claim" this boy's mother thought to herself, when she read that Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste could reduce tooth decay. She didn't even bother to call her dentist, who could have given her the facts on Amm-i-dent. She just kept on buying the same tooth paste with which her family had been brushing—and having cavities—year after year.

And now, too late, she is sorry. At her child's regular dental check-up—*more* cavities! She wishes that she had followed the advice of the dentists of America. They recommend Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste and Powder more than any other dentifrice. Surely these men must know best of all what is right for you and your children.

If you have provided Amm-i-dent for your family, you can feel justly proud! Your family is getting the best protection against tooth decay any dentifrice can offer, as proven in actual tests with people

who followed regular brushing habits.

If your family is not using Amm-i-dent, you as a mother have not done all you can do—all you should do—to help them to have strong, healthy teeth. You can prove it to yourself. Were there any cavities in your family last year? What did you do to help prevent those cavities?

Does Your Present Tooth Paste Do Anything To Help Prevent Cavities?

No ordinary tooth paste, without ammoniated anti-decay ingredients, can do much to help prevent cavities—beyond what the simple act of brushing will do. Certainly it cannot do what Amm-i-dent can do. Amm-i-dent supplies for *many hours* the ammonia content found lacking in the mouths of cavity-susceptible people. For *many hours*, mind you.

That means Amm-i-dent's anti-decay protection continues—no matter when you brush. You don't have to brush after meals to get Amm-i-dent's effectiveness. Regular tooth brushing at any time with Amm-i-dent helps prevent cavities.

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

For a lovelier wave in every way, use Richard Hudnut for your next home permanent. Its gentler, more penetrating creme waving lotion is faster acting, yet actually leaves hair springier, stronger...less apt to break,* than most other home permanent wave lotions. No frizzy ends, more natural sheen, more natural-looking curls. Use with any plastic curlers you prefer!



Kit \$2.75
Refills \$2.00 and \$1.50
(PRICES PLUS TAX)

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

NEW IMPROVED

Home Permanent



with the waving lotion that leaves your hair
springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Las Vegas who made 28 straight passes with the dice. The Desert Inn lost over \$125,000 in an hour and 20 minutes.

ALBERT BURLIN

New York, N.Y.

● The fortunate gambler did make 28 straight passes. But he picked up most of his winnings after each roll and quit only \$750 ahead. Others at the table, making side bets, won about \$125,000. One of them, Zeppo Marx, won \$28,000. Had the gambler, starting with \$1, left his winnings on the table, he could have collected \$144,703,488. This reinforces LIFE's contention that gamblers never ride a winning streak hard enough.—ED.

Sirs:

Congratulations and THANKS! You laughed at bettors playing hunches—then you gave 'em a couple beauts in the big photomontage that opened your story. You showed two pari-mutuel tickets, one on horse No. 6 in the sixth race, the other on horse No. 4 in the seventh race. At Aqueduct track on June 17—Dooly, No. 6 in the sixth, won, paying \$27.50; and Peace Mission, No. 4 in the seventh, won, paying \$6.60. I played your hunch.

WALTER C. ADAMS

Delmar, N.Y.



HUNCH-WINNER DOOLY

● Had Mr. Adams played his two hunches at the four other main race tracks open on June 17, he would also have won the sixth race at Monmouth, and the seventh at Delaware Park. The day's winnings on ten \$2 bets would have been \$60.30—profit: \$40.30.—ED.

MALE MOTHER

Sirs:

I would like to know why—if the male sea horse ("Male Mother," LIFE, June 19) is capable of being a female—isn't the male called a female instead of a male?

STEPHANY LADD

New York, N.Y.

● He produces sperm. The female produces eggs.—ED.

Sirs:

What is the exact size of an adult sea horse and how often do they bear young?

J. A. SMITH

San Francisco, Calif.

● Adults range from 2 to 13 inches long, are believed to bear young once a year.—ED.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Fast help for HEADACHE

Upset Stomach • Jumpy Nerves



Today more people than ever before use Bromo-Seltzer. Because this time-proved product gives fast help. Not only for headache pain, but also for the upset stomach and jumpy nerves that often go with it.

Quick! Pleasant! Bromo-Seltzer effervesces with split-second action, ready to go to work at once. And it is so refreshing! You must be satisfied or your money back! Caution: Use only as directed.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drug store, fountain or counter today. It's a product of the Emerson Drug Co. since 1887.



NEW, STRONGER "Resinite" RUBBER COMB!



29¢

FLEXIBLE!
TEETH WON'T
SNAP OFF!

Made of tough, new "Resinite" Rubber to withstand hard usage. Teeth are smoothed and rounded by new process... won't scratch your scalp... won't catch your hair! Easy to clean. Beautiful glossy finish in black or walnut brown. 6 popular styles for men and women.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC COMBS



TINA LESER, famous for original collections: "My advice is to wear a **PLAYTEX**—the girdle that slims you where you need slimming, holds you in complete comfort."



TONI OWEN, renowned for her sports clothes separates: "**PLAYTEX** makes this supple, slim figure a possibility. And it fits invisibly, even under the scantiest swimsuit."



JOSEY WALKER, famous for her sports-wear: "**PLAYTEX** gets credit for this new silhouette. It slims and trims naturally, whittles your figure at waist and thighs."



DOROTHY COX, leading fashion originator: "You can see how important it is for you to have this new silhouette—and no girdle does as much for you as **PLAYTEX**."

To top American designers there's only one girdle
for 'round-the-clock wear under all Summer clothes!

INVISIBLE **PLAYTEX®** PINK-ICE

Never before have fashion designers recommended *one* girdle as the answer to all of Summer's figure-revealing clothes—every hour of every day. Never before has there *been* a girdle you could wear under your bathing suit—then pat completely dry with a towel and wear again immediately under your slenderest sports, afternoon or evening clothes.

For **PINK-ICE** looks, feels, fits, and *acts* like a second skin, moulds your figure with comfort and freedom 'round the clock. It hasn't a single seam, stitch or bone—it's absolutely invisible under briefest bathing suit, the most clinging dresses. And it washes in seconds, dries with a touch of the towel.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, **PLAYTEX PINK-ICE** dispels body heat . . . slims you in cool comfort. Light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, **PINK-ICE** actually "breathes" with you.



In **SLIM**, shimmering pink tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . . . \$3.95 to \$4.95
In **SLIM**, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES . . . \$3.50 to \$3.95
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere!
INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
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THE ONLY GIRDLE IN THE WORLD YOU CAN WEAR UNDER YOUR SWIMSUIT, PAT DRY AND WEAR IMMEDIATELY UNDER STREET CLOTHES!



Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

A new deodorant has to "have something" to compete with all the old favorites! Stopette has everything—in three short years has become a national best seller. Until you try it, you won't know the wonderful, wonderful news about anti-perspirants!

Just an effortless squeeze of the Stopette flexi-plastic bottle does it all. No messy fingers. No fuss, no muss. You don't touch Stopette, hardly know it touches you.

Stopette stops odor instantly... keeps underarm area free of excess moisture. Harmless to skin or clothes.

JULES MONTENIER, INC., CHICAGO

Stopette
THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT



NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER!

Get this beautiful
Stopette Underarm Razor
AT NO EXTRA COST
with every 2 1/4 oz.
STOPETTE
SPRAY DEODORANT

Offer for limited time only
Get yours today!



perfect accessory to your deodorant

especially contoured for underarm shaving

ideal for every other shaving use tool

Other products are now being made to look like Stopette... but nothing is quite like the original Stopette Spray Deodorant. Exclusive formula by Dr. Jules Montenier. Two sizes, 2 1/4 oz.—\$1.25, and 1 oz.—60c.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

MAN AGAINST SHARK

Sirs:

To depict the man from the crashed airliner dying in so gruesome a manner from shark bite made me ill ("Castaways from Puerto Rico," LIFE, June 19). What's wrong with you heartless people?

BERYL GLECKMAN

New Bedford, Mass.

Sirs:

I wonder just how many nightmares your grisly pictures have inspired.

FAITH ANDERSON

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

LIFE's story was graphic, especially the pictures showing the horrible death of Pedro Guzman. Man's body is frail, a weak thing to be attacked and overcome by disease, accident, old age and the forces of nature. Should not man seek to understand what is happening to him? Should not man seek to understand that such a sad death ought not to evoke horror so much as deep knowledge that God's spirit, which is in every man, is the only real part of him?

The attempts of the sailors to save the doomed man were heroic and evoked the feeling of man's helplessness before a force of nature. It must have also evoked man's tie to man, his real humanity.

LIFE's pictures shocked me as they must have thousands of other readers. This letter is my small offering to myself and to all those others as a reminder of the bond that unites all of us to each other.

SAMUEL PRAGER

New Orleans, La.

THE ASSY CHURCH

Sirs:

The stained-glass windows of Angel Raphael and St. Peter were beautiful ("The Assy Church," LIFE, June 19), but the rest looked like portrayals of Frankenstein. The sorrowing Christ looked like a jigsaw puzzle. No wonder Rouault gave the design for free.

MRS. LINCOLN GRIFFITH

Terre Haute, Ind.

Sirs:

Thanks for the beautiful pictures of the mountain church. You have given great help and encouragement to the comparatively small group of clergymen and lay people in our country who have endeavored for several years to spread love and enthusiasm for modern art in the service of religion...

RUDOLPH E. MORRIS

Milwaukee, Wis.

SHELTON SHOOTING

Sirs:

Although I covered the ambush shooting of "Little Earl" Shelton last fall for an Indiana paper ("Gunfire Lays Low One More Shelton," LIFE, June 19), I never could find out why fierce gang warfare goes on in that area apparently unhindered by the law.

Little Earl reportedly gave the sheriff the license number of the killer's car. Wasn't anyone traced?

JERRY SMOTHERS

Orlando, Fla.

● Little Earl gave the sheriff the license number of his neighbor and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

HEAT RASH?



Get FAST RELIEF with this MEDICATED Powder!

No unmedicated powder can relieve your burning, stinging heat rash as Ammens Powder does!

For Ammens contains three famous medicinal ingredients—gives 3-way medicated skin care: (1) It soothes, relieves and helps heal irritated skin. (2) Its extra softness protects and cushions sore skin, and so promotes healing. (3) Its extra fluffy texture gives cooling relief. For real medicated skin care, get genuine Ammens Medicated Powder at any drug counter today.




FREE trial size can. Write today to Dept. L-702, Bristol-Myers Co., Hillaide, N. J. (Offer limited to U.S.A.)

AMMENS
Medicated Powder

TUMS

Let you eat what you like



for the tummy

Millions now eat foods they never dared touch—without fear of acid indigestion distress—by taking a couple of Tums after eating. Almost instantly, heartburn, sour stomach, gassy bloot of acid indigestion are relieved. And Tums are so pleasant to take... just like candy mints. Don't deny yourself food you like. Get Tums from your druggist today. Only 10¢ a roll; 3 roll package a quarter.

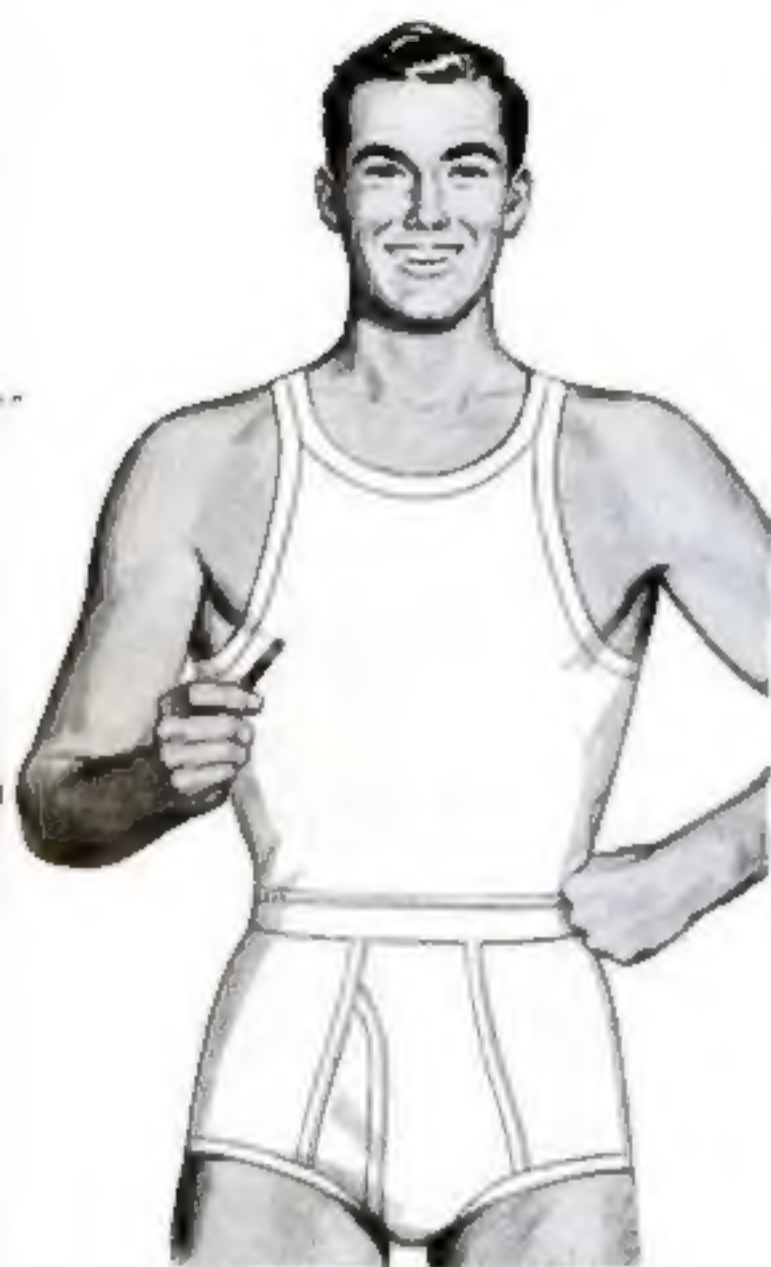
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- HYGIENIC DOUBLE-PANEL SEAT
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why pay more?



WORTH SHOPPING FOR!
AT GOOD
STORES THROUGHOUT AMERICA

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem 1, N. C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

enemy, "Black Charlie" Harris. When the sheriff checked Black Charlie's car, he found it had no engine and thus was unavailable for any murder ride. Nevertheless he was charged with assault and attempted murder. But when the case came to court none of the Sheltons appeared and the case was dropped.—ED.

COVER

Sirs:

How about letting us see the faces of the two little girls on your cover (LIFE, June 19).

SANDRA M. PAYMENT

Lombard, Ill.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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One 5¢ Package Makes 2 Quarts!

DO YOUR children make nickels vanish like snowflakes on hot days? Then keep a big pitcherful of delicious, cooling Kool-Aid handy in your refrigerator. Serve whenever thirst calls. Your children put Kool-Aid's refreshing, flavorful goodness into one word, when they say... "More!"

"Kool-Aid" is a registered trademark of Purina Products Co.

IT'S THE BIGGEST REFRESHMENT VALUE

5¢

AT GROCERS

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BE BATH-HAPPY WITH

Wrisley

... and you'll be fresh and fair
though the day is long ... and sizzly

Let these delightful Wrisley Bath Requisites
bring a fragrant new beauty to your bath.
Step from your tub fresh ... and refreshed
... to face your summer world with a smile.

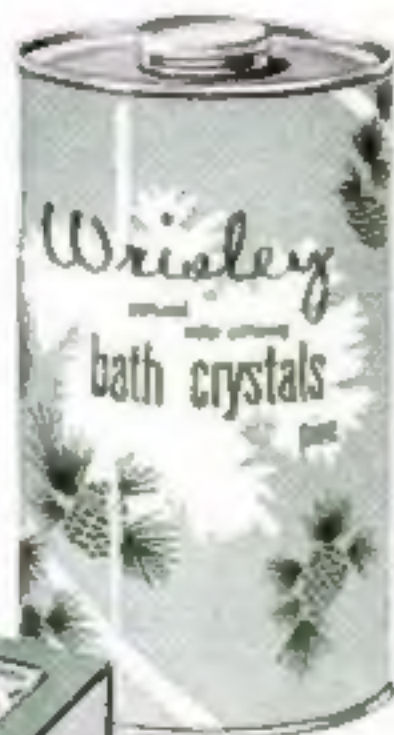


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gant with lather, fragrance and gentle
complexion care. Six fragrances.
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hardest water velvet-soft and scented.
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... so restful and richly fragrant.
Truly a beauty balsam for your
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WRISLEY PERFUMED BUBBLE BATH... a
garden of fragrance for your bath. Box
of twenty packets, assorted fragrances.
\$1 plus tax

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

The picture of the two little cover
girls reminded me of a picture I took
of my twin daughters 31 years ago
at Atlantic Beach, Florida.

MRS. J. HENRY BLOUNT
Jacksonville, Fla.



FRENCHMAN'S PLAIN

Sirs:

I live in this country since one year.
Whenever I find an article about France
in LIFE, it deals with one of the follow-
ing topics:

Love
Models
Mad dressmakers (inspired)
Inspired painters (full of madness)
Existentialism
Kissing (with or without models)
Apparel for millionaires' wives
Art

For a magazine that forms a good
deal of this country's public opinion,
it is wrong to give its readers the im-
pression that 45 million bearded
Frenchmen, with broad-rimmed hats
and dreaming eyes, sit day and
night in sidewalk cafes, sipping sin-
ful drinks, gauging *petites femmes*, in-
venting new dresses or arguing about
the questionable art of some crazy
painters.

By all means continue with these
things. But couldn't you also do more
with the weighty French political and
economic problems?

FRANK S. DESSAYER
Glendale, Calif.

● See LIFE, June 26 and July 3, for two
serious aspects of modern France.
—ED.

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for the man with P.A.*

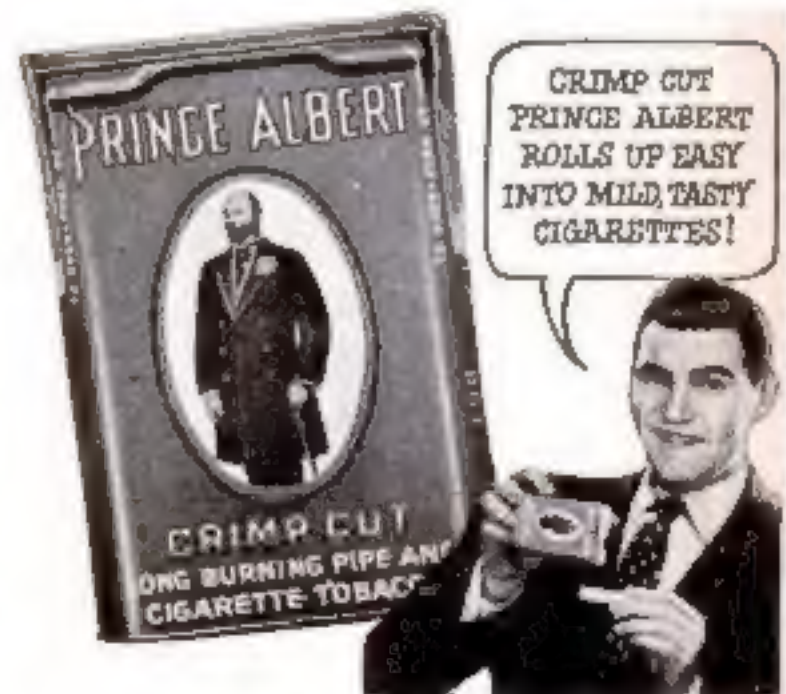


P.A.* means
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● You can tell by her glance she goes for
the man who has Pipe Appeal! And he's
got another bright future filled with real
smoking comfort with mild, rich-tasting
Prince Albert in his pipe.

Get P.A.! Prince Albert's choice, crimp
cut tobacco is specially treated to insure
against tongue bite for greater smoking joy.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



The National Joy Smoke

Will fresh berries stay fresh
in your new refrigerator?



For 4 days these strawberries were left uncovered in an Admiral Dual-Temp. Moist-cold air kept them as dewy-fresh and flavorful as when they were first picked!



These berries were just as big and luscious as those at left, when they were put in an ordinary refrigerator. Four days later they looked like this: dark, moldy, spoiling.



In this *different* kind of refrigerator, no dish covers are needed... *foods don't dry out.*

There's moisture in the air! That's the food-saving secret of the Admiral Dual-Temp. No exposed coils to absorb food moisture. Instead, this moist-cold refrigerator creates a cool dewy atmosphere that keeps all foods fresh far longer.

No more cover-up work! You can store *any* food uncovered. There's no drying out. No munging of flavors. An ultra violet Sterilamp helps to purify the air and retard mold.

No more defrosting! That messy task is a thing of the past. There's not even a drip tray to empty! Coils are built right in the walls!

A spacious home freezer, too. The whole top compartment is a separate, independently-controlled freezer. It holds up to 84 pounds of frozen food. Freezes as low as 40° below zero—52° below freezing—a temperature that really quick-freezes foods.

Full-length cold! There's over 3 cubic feet more space in the thrifty new Dual Temps, yet they take no more space in your kitchen. The 13½ cubic foot model fits in the floor space of last year's 9 footer. The 10½ cubic foot model fits in the space of the old style 7'.

Built like a fine watch! Over 3 million penny-pincher type power units are in use — the same that give quiet, efficient, trouble-free operation in Admiral Dual Temps. See your Admiral Dealer.

Admiral refrigerators begin as low as \$189.95.

Admiral
DUAL-TEMP

TELEVISION: See and hear "Lights Out" Mondays, 9 P.M., EDT over NBC Network. Also "Stop the Music" Thursdays, 8 P.M., EDT over ABC Network.

TELEVISION • RADIO • PHONOGRAPHS • RANGES





Everybody knows the



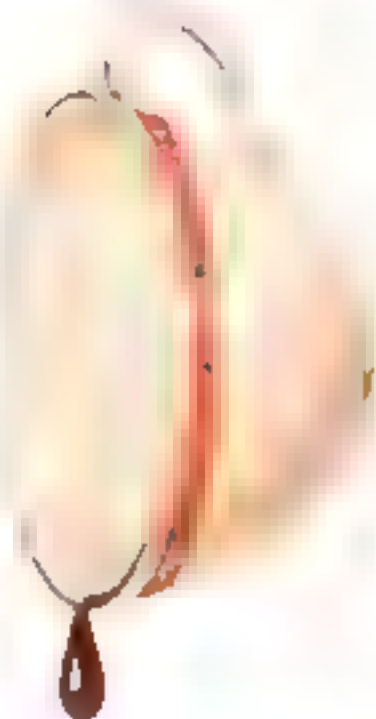
sign of good coffee



Products of General Foods

Wonderful in
Instant form too!

Early morning on the farm . . . busiest time of all the day. And when the first big chores are done, there's nothing more welcome than good, hearty, refreshing coffee . . . Maxwell House Coffee. There's such *complete* satisfaction in every cup—and there's a very good reason. It's the Maxwell House recipe, the one and *only* recipe for that famous "Good to the Last Drop" flavor. A recipe that demands certain fine coffees, blended a certain way to bring you the *most* coffee-drinking enjoyment. No wonder more people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand in the world!



Maxwell House . . . the one coffee with that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor!

**RELIEVES
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS PAIN**

FAST



Here's Why...

Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients that are specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

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Quickly RID STOMACH

of GAS

Do you ever suffer stomach gas, heartburn, from acid indigestion? Get amazing new BiSoDoL Mints for fast relief. Safe, gentle, BiSoDoL Mints give longer-lasting relief than baking soda—yes, hours of relief. Refreshing, minty flavor sweetens sour mouth, stomach. So relieve heartburn, upset stomach, from too much food, drink, smoking. Sleep all night long when acid indigestion strikes. Carry new BiSoDoL Mints for fast relief—anywhere, anytime. 10¢.

BiSoDoL—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GET THE

TAN



WITHOUT THE

BURN

Don't let an agonizing sunburn spoil your vacation. **GABY** lets you tan smoothly, beautifully!



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GREASELESS
SUNTAN LOTION

America's Favorite,
available in Canada.

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**One Vacation Hint
He Didn't Take!**

How dumb can a guy be? How much fun can he miss? The vacation that ought to be terrific will turn out a frightful flop. In spite of his good looks and personality some mighty attractive girls already have "thumbs down" on him. He's behind the 8-ball . . . and he doesn't even know it . . . would be shocked if he heard the reason why.*



How's your breath today?

Never take it for granted. Never risk offending others needlessly. *Halitosis (unpleasant breath) may be absent one day and present the next . . . without your realizing it.

Play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. It's almost a passport to popularity.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation and the odors it causes.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... IT'S BREATH-TAKING!



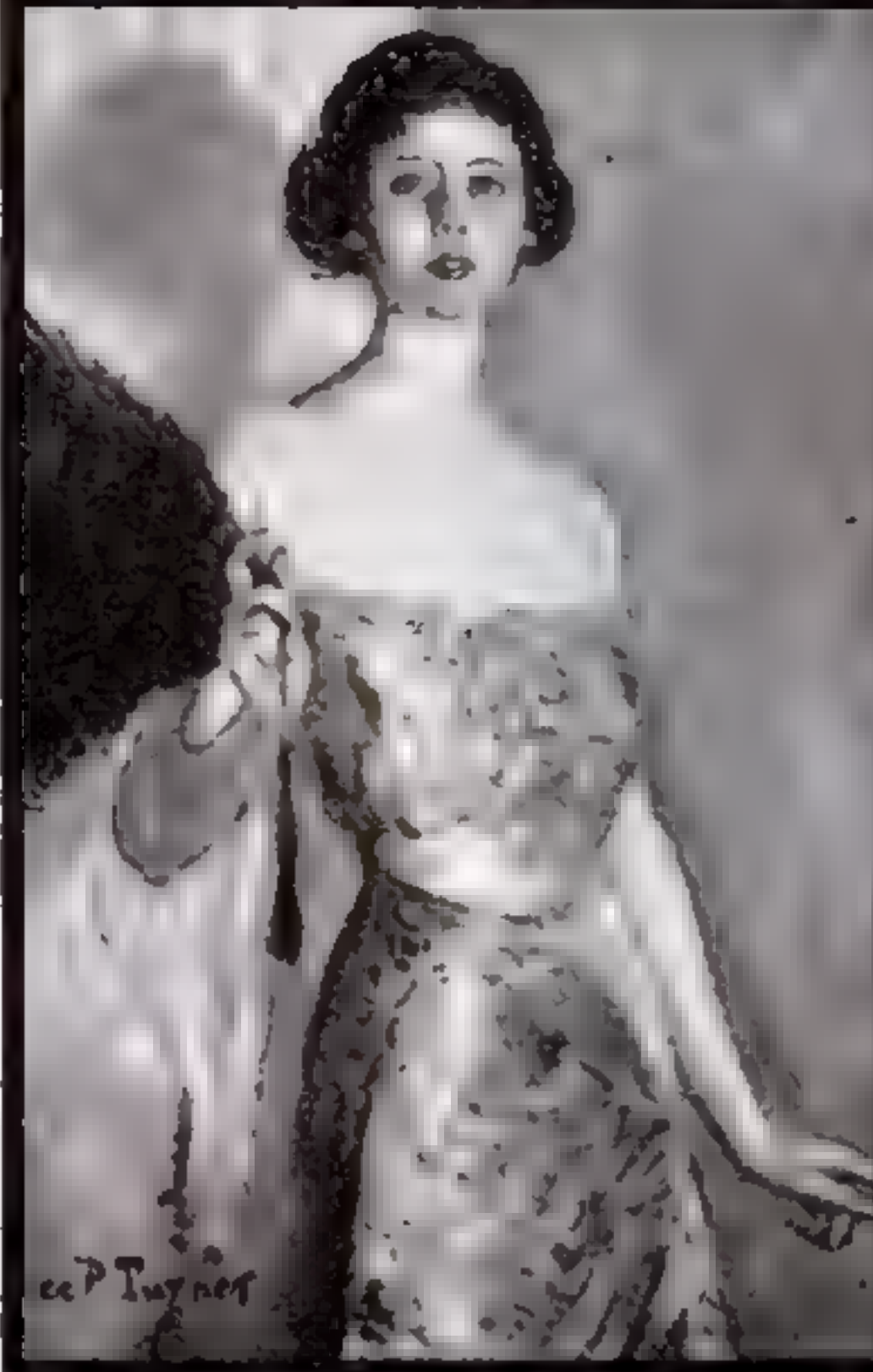


BEATRICE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1935

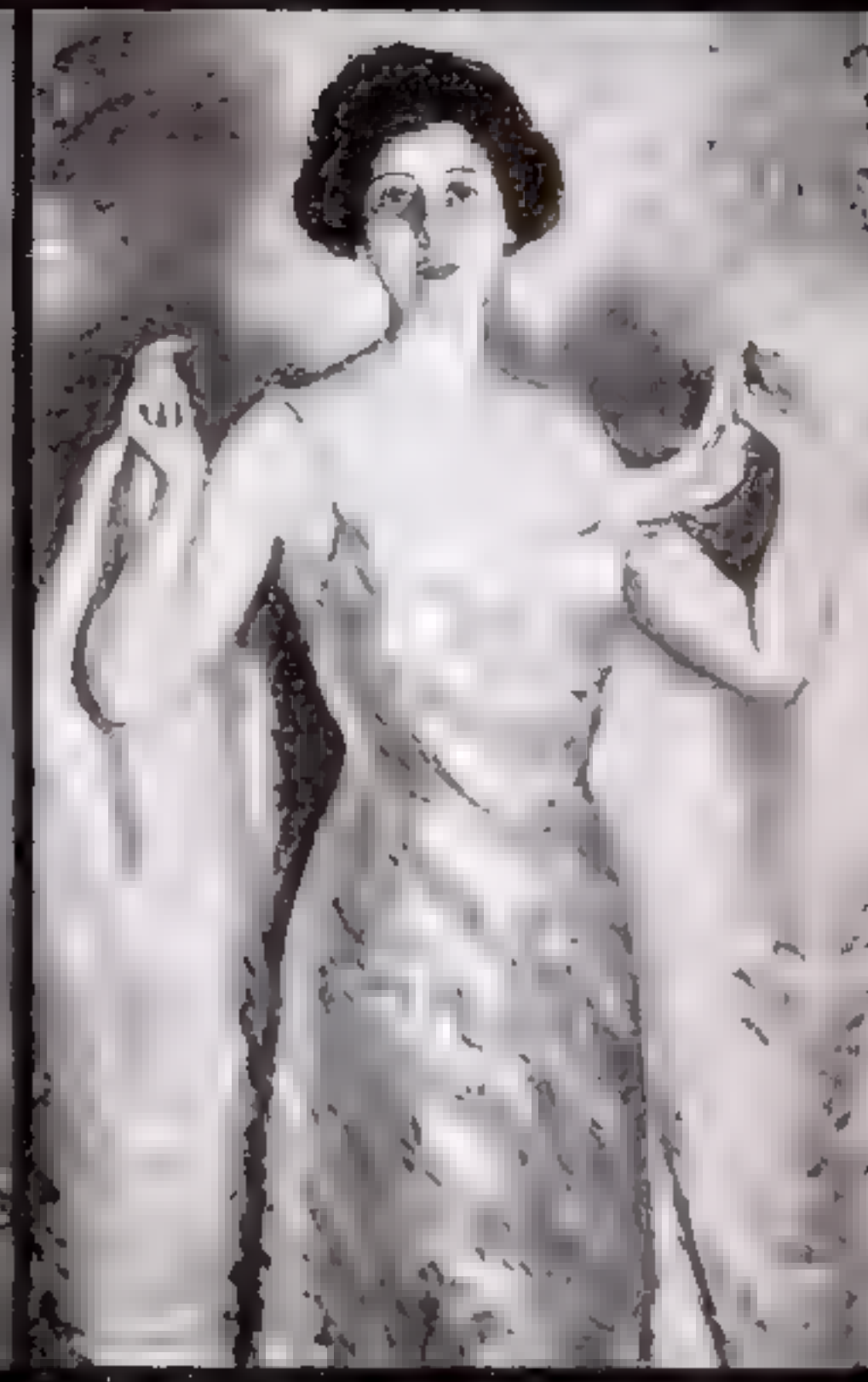


"DADDY IN DEATH" is title Beatrice gave portrait of father, painted after he had been embalmed.

TWENTY YEARS OF BEATRICE TURNER'S SELF-PORTRAITS



AT 38 Beatrice did this self-portrait. This and ones at the right were in same frame, one canvas stretched over other.



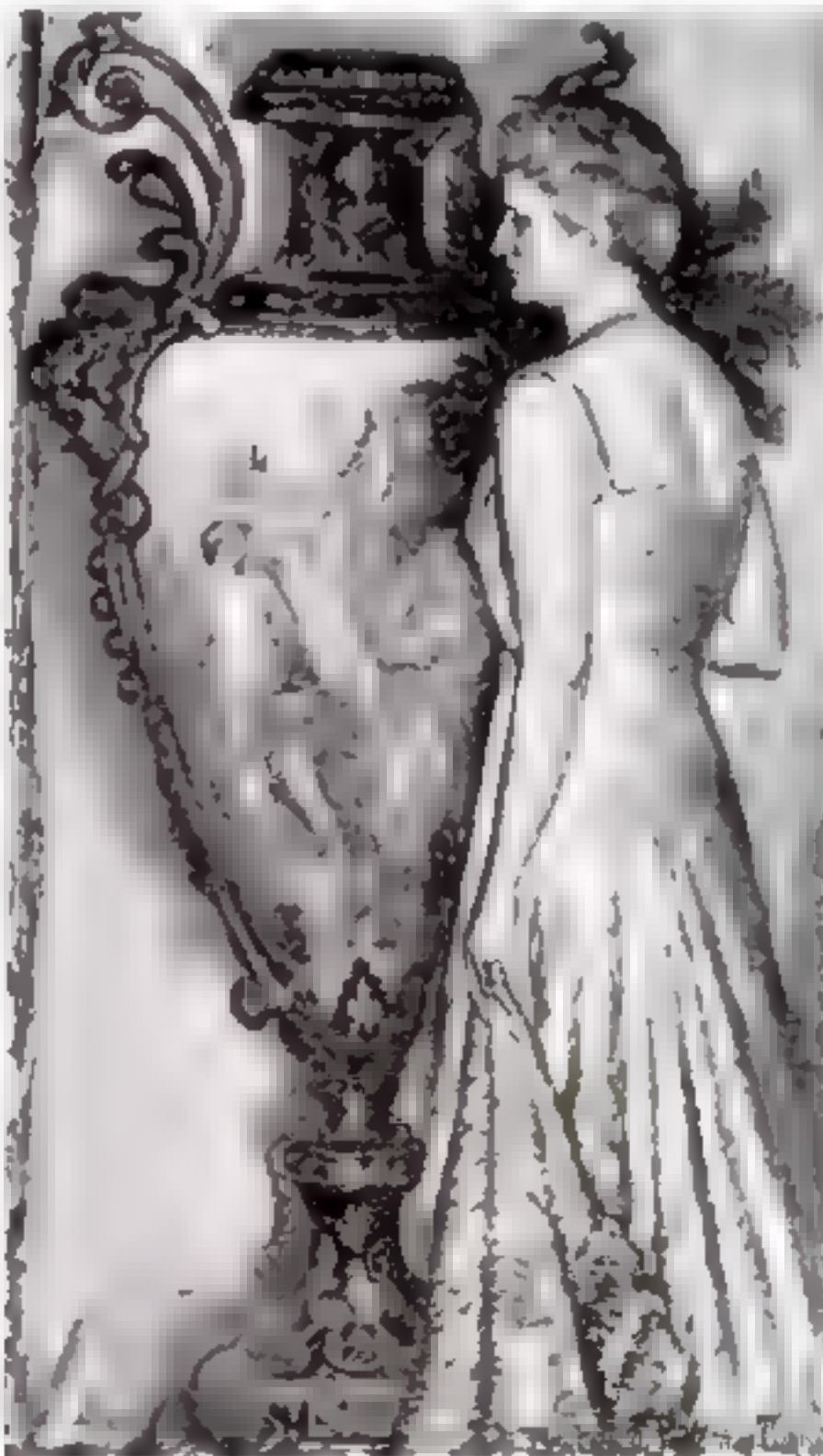
AT 40—as she did when she was 38—Beatrice portrayed herself with a girlish face and figure.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

...Lonely spinster paints 1,000 portraits of herself

At 17 Beatrice Turner, the daughter of a wealthy Philadelphia merchant, was eagerly on her way to becoming a painter when her parents withdrew her from the Academy of Fine Arts because they did not want her to look at nude models. "Paint me a picture of yourself," said Mr. Turner, who dealt in cotton and wrote poetry as a pastime. Beatrice obediently complied and began a strange painting career in which she did almost nothing but self-portraits. The early ones, which revealed artistic promise, showed a beautiful young lady who might have attracted many suitors. But Mr. Turner discouraged courtiers and encouraged the daughter to devote herself to her narcissistic art.

In 1913 her father died. Beatrice propped up his embalmed body in a chair with pillows, kept it there two weeks while she painted his portrait (left). Mother and daughter continued to lead secluded lives until 1940 when Mrs. Turner died, leaving Beatrice alone. She painted steadily, saw nobody, never ate properly and eight years later died of malnutrition. When executors entered the Turner mansion at Newport, they found it crammed with paintings, 1,000 of them self-portraits. Beatrice's last drawings were nude sketches of herself—the nudes she had been forbidden to draw as a young girl.



"MOTHER AND VASE" was bequeathed to Newport Historical Society, which refused to accept it.



AT 44 she showed herself with her ermine stole and low-cut gown she wore in most portraits.

AT 45 Beatrice's face has frozen into masklike look, different from the soft expression of earlier portraits.

AT 58 she still painted self to look like woman years younger. To the end she wore dresses fashionable in her youth.



COLLECTION OF SELF-PORTRAITS by Beatrice was purchased after her death by Nathan Fleischer (above), Newport attorney, who is now exhibiting them

in various cities throughout the country. He holds a dual portrait of Beatrice and her mother, whom she nearly always painted either from the back or the side.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,
not a cream—
Halo cannot leave
dulling, dirt-catching
soap film!

Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
—needs no
special rinse!



Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with
even finest liquid or oily cream
shampoos leaves dulling,
dirt-catching film. Halo, made
with a new patented ingredient,
contains no soap, no sticky oils.
Thus Halo glorifies your hair
the very first time you use it.
Ask for Halo—America's
favorite shampoo—at any drug
or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

SELF-PORTRAITIST CONTINUED



NUDE SELF-PORTRAIT was done only a year before Beatrice died. Her figure looks ample though in her last years she grew thin from inadequate diet.

money. The rich ones because we are "summer residents".
The really rich, Mills, Vanderbilt, Beekmans, etc.
naturally do not care for people poorer than they—
The mothers of lions resent me as a designing
female in Mahma and I are really quite harmi-
less—

I am good looking—

The world adopts an—"Oh aren't you married
yet?" attitude—

I am leading a life I did not choose—condemned
and snubbed by relatives, friends and casual
outsiders—Folked at every turn I have yet my
daintily lovely mother, my puppie, my love of
beauty of sight, soul and sound, and the
enjoyment of the beautiful interiors of our two
houses, one of which it seems the outspoken
purpose to rid us of, the other our grocery
store neighbor would like—and our
notorious woman

delishes our objecting to her callers ringing our
bells—

PAGE FROM DIARY shows sense of personal and social frustration. After
her mother's death she had electricity and gas cut off, cooked on a wood stove.



NEWPORT MANSION was summer home. After father's death it was painted
black. Father had written poem, "I dreamed that I dwelt in a house of black."

NOW! ANSCO COLOR FILM (^{120 AND 620} SIZES) Most Economical of All!

"THIRD
DIMENSION"
Realism!

Your eyes see thousands of shades in the color spectrum—
ANSKO COLOR FILM sees them, too—in pictures of sparkling DEPTH and REALISM



Ansko Color 16mm Movie Film gives you sparkling, life-like pictures that introduce you to a new world of photography. You *can* get the full range of shades in the color spectrum—the colors you *naturally* see in nature!

New Depth! New Realism! New Low, Low Price . . . NOW ONLY \$1.00 A ROLL!

You get what you see with Ansko Color Film—*natural* color. Not garish, vivid, over-bright tones . . . but all the subtle, delicate shades in nature's gorgeous color spectrum.

Yes, and Ansko Color Film *can* capture them for you in crisp, clear pictures with depth and realism. Your movies—your stills—actually spring-to-life with sparkling beauty! Today, load your camera with the one and only *Natural Color Film!*

Most wonderful of all! 120 and 620 rolls now at new economical price—\$1.00 a roll including tax.

ANSKO Binghamton, N.Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corp. "From Research to Reality"



Insist on the Red and Blue box

Ansko ^{NATURAL} ₁ **Color Film**

Feed your dog as well as you feed yourself



Swift's Pard gives your dog
as much nourishment



as you get in this hearty, nutritious
lamb chop dinner!

Look how these dinners compare!

		LAMB CHOP DINNER	PARD (1 CAN)
Protein	(gms.)	26.4	52.8
Carbohydrate	(gms.)	42.5	45.7
Fat	(gms.)	54.2	14.7
Iron	(mgs.)	5.2	22.7
Calcium	(gms.)	0.05	2.0
Phosphorus	(gms.)	0.38	1.59
Vitamin A	(units)	499.0	550.0
Vitamin B	Thiamine (mgs.)	0.58	1.41
	Riboflavin (mgs.)	0.43	1.86
	Niacin (mgs.)	8.71	18.2

Energy:

Lamb chop dinner: 25.4% of daily caloric needs, for average man
Pard (1 can): 100% of daily caloric needs for 20 lb. dog



GENERATION-TESTED. In Swift's own research kennels, 11 consecutive generations of happy, healthy dogs have been raised on an exclusive diet of Pard and water. (For comparison, 11 *human* generations would go back past 1776!)

GENERATION-PROVED. Since 1932, *more* dogs in *more* homes have eaten *more* Pard than any other quality canned dog food. Join the *millions* who—with Pard—feed their dogs as well as they feed themselves!

Your best friend's best food!

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RESEARCH LABORATORIES
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LIFE'S COVER

Miroslava, the girl on LIFE's cover, was born Miroslava Stern, the daughter of a physician in Czechoslovakia 24 years ago. A resident of Mexico for the past 10 years, she has made a couple of stabs at life north of the border, once studying interior decoration at New York University, once trying for a movie role at RKO. RKO turned her down, but in Mexico, Miroslava became a successful movie star. Generally she has played virtuous young girls who are unhappy in love. In her first appearance in an American movie, *The Brave Bulls* (pp. 55-58), Miroslava does a turnabout, plays a very bad girl.



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55 THROUGH 58—PHILIPPE HALSMAN
59—JOHNNY FLOREA
60, 75—CARL MYDANS
76—CURTESY PROFESSOR SHANNON MCCUNE, FROM

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102—MARK KAUFFMAN
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How we retired with \$200 a month

HERE WE are, living in Southern California. We've a little house just a few minutes' walk from the beach, with flowers and sunshine all year. For, you see, I've retired. We're getting a check for \$200 a month that will keep us financially independent as long as we live.

But if it weren't for that \$200, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be plugging away at the same old job. Strangely, it's all thanks to something that happened, quite accidentally, in 1926. It was August 17, to be exact. I remember the date because it was my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to the movies. While she went upstairs to dress, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it idly. Then somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire." Probably the reason I read it through was that just that evening Peg and I had been saying how hard it was for us to put anything aside for our future.

Well, we'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to go on working so hard. What then?

Now this ad sounded as if it might have the answer. It told of a way that a man

of 40—with no big bank account, but just fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead—could get a guaranteed income of \$200 a month. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

The ad offered more information. No harm in looking into it, I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. First coupon in my life I ever clipped. I mailed it on our way to the movies.

Twenty years slide by mighty fast. The crash... the depression... the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I never had to worry about!

1946 came... I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and retired. We're living a new kind of life. Best of all, we've security a rich family might envy. Our \$200 a month will keep coming as long as we live.

Send for Free Booklet

This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$10 to \$200 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.



PHOENIX MUTUAL
Retirement Income Plan
GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR WOMEN	PLAN FOR MEN
<p>PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. 814 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.</p> <p>Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, describing Retirement Income Plans for women.</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Business Address _____</p> <p>Home Address _____</p>	<p>PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. 814 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.</p> <p>Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, showing how to get a guaranteed income for life.</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Business Address _____</p> <p>Home Address _____</p>

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Margot took a minute...

Lucy took a loss!

Take a minute to look!

Before you buy a cotton, take a minute to be sure it will be safe from shrinkage woes forever. Take a minute to look for the word "Sanforized" on the label.

A cotton dress can be a woeful loss if shrinkage gets it! Be sure it's got a "Sanforized" trade-mark instead.

Buy sportswear and playclothes that will keep their easy fit, washing after washing. Does the label say "Sanforized"?

Be smart about slips! Ask the salesgirl to show you the "Sanforized" trade-mark.

Keep children's clothes from getting outgrown before their time! That word "Sanforized" says they'll never shrink out of fit.

SANFORIZED.
TRADE MARK

Seeing is believing! Make even your favorite salesgirl show you "Sanforized" on the label!

Cloett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

U.S. GETS INTO FIGHT FOR KOREA

AN EYEWITNESS REPORT
IN WORDS AND PICTURES



AN AMERICAN CASUALTY, PFC. THOMAS MERANTE, WAS HIT BY STRAFER AT SOUTH KOREAN AIRPORT

A picture that no American enjoys seeing arrived at LIFE's office last Saturday—from Korea. It showed an American battle casualty (*above*). For the U.S. had accepted the most flagrant of many Communist challenges to peace, and for a while at least we are in a fight.

The shooting began at 4:30 a.m. on Sunday, June 25, 1950, Korean time. It rumbled and rattled over the hills along the 38th Parallel across Korea. Down from the north rolled Russian-made tanks and Communist North Korean troops in a bludgeoning surprise attack against the southern Republic of Korea, moving into the rainy dawn of another day that will live in infamy.

Nobody outside the Soviet world doubted for a moment that Moscow had pulled the fateful trigger of aggression against South Korea. The free world was shocked but not stunned, and it was soon pulling some triggers too. Within 24 hours the U.N. Security Council (minus Russia), seeing the "breach of the peace," demanded a cease-fire. Moscow turned down a request by the President of the U.S. to use its influence to halt the aggression. Then the President announced a momentous decision: the U.S.

would intervene militarily for peace in Asia. Ten hours later the Security Council lined up behind him, 7 to 1, calling for joint military action to halt an aggressor for the first time in the history of any international body. Russia opposed the U.N. decision, giving unconvincing technical reasons for its position.

As the President acted, American planes roared away from Japan to give the defenders air cover. The U.S. Navy blockaded Korea's coasts against Red amphibious landings. Britain offered fleet aid, and Holland followed suit. But Korea's defenders were badly hurt, and General Douglas MacArthur, after flying to the front (*pp. 26, 27*), radioed somber news to Washington. The southerners, who had lost the capital, Seoul, were disintegrating. Red tanks were spreading confusion and terror through the valleys. Acting swiftly again, the President ordered U.S. ground troops from Japan into action and sent B 29s to bomb Red bases in North Korea.

LIFE's coverage of the Korean crisis begins with Staff Photographer David Douglas Duncan's eyewitness account of five days of action at the battlefield, told in words and pictures, on this and the next eight pages.

THE FIRST FIVE DAYS

LIFE Photographer David Douglas Duncan gives his story of battle from first air victories to MacArthur's dramatic visit to front

While David Douglas Duncan flew to Korea last week, he thought of other scenes. A U.S. Marine during the last war, he recalled "the wondrous butterflies of Guadalcanal, the mildew which ruined our gear and the crud which cut like acid into the skin and stank like death." When he returned to Japan from Korea with his pictures, he remembered new scenes which he describes in the cabled report that appears below.

WE roared into a full-throttle landing at the airfield in southwestern Japan, where the U.S. was operating its shuttle service of rescue planes and jet fighters across the straits to Korea. Two F-80 jet pilots screamed in behind us with minutes to go before their fuel would be gone.

As we stepped off the plane, two more F80s whistled down from nowhere, then flashed over in double rolls—a symbol of combat victory. I couldn't believe it. Either these pilots were hot-rod jockies with jets, or else we Americans were again directly involved in a killing war and these had just killed. They weren't hot-rod boys. The score by that night stood at six North Korean planes knocked down. These kids had accounted for three of them, which was why they were stunting as they came in. A moment later in the squadron ready room I noticed a young pilot sitting against the bulletin-board wall. Something in his face made me grab a quick shot (above, right). The next day I discovered that he was 1st Lieut. Charles B. Moran, who had shot down the first invading plane of the Korean war. I still am not sure what I saw in his face and his slouched body.

I turned away and went out into the field where two hangars at the edge had been converted into giant reception centers with all the paraphernalia of war, including registration tables, chowlines and Red Cross units. Here the big transports swung off the taxiways and disgorged their cargoes of refugees brought out of Korea. Most of them came with little more than the clothes on their bodies. Many of the men carried shotguns, leftovers from the last duck season. It made you think of early settlers who escaped Indian attacks with only their muskets and their nightshirts.

1,000 in one day

DURING that one day more than 1,000 Americans and citizens of friendly nations were evacuated without the loss of a single life. Some of the receiving GIs would have qualified very well as diplomats from the way they handled the people who came to their little desks with nothing but identification cards and strangely soft voices. There was no crowding. None of the refugees was ever rushed into the next processing line, and none was left alone for more than seconds at a time. To me the most remarkable of them all were two soldiers trying with their high school French to solve the problems of a Swiss nun (center, right), and they did it.

That night the weather moved in. Clouds came down and it began to pour. I finally got some sleep in the bunk of a GI who had gone without any for 50 hours. I wanted to get to Kimpo airfield near Seoul, but word came in that it had fallen into North Korean hands. That made me wonder how the young South Koreans felt who had been brought over the day before in an emergency effort to teach them to fly P-51 Mustangs. Captain James Beckett of Los Angeles, their instructor (bottom, right), told me that he was sure he would have them in the air within another 24 hours even though he had to polish them up on so much basic technique and field operation controls. His translator, who was a young Korean lieutenant, explained that those of the group who spoke no English need not worry about central-tower conversations since it was arranged that they would be flashed either a green light for landing or red to turn them away. At this the South Koreans all burst out in delighted laughter. Obviously this was a very democratic airfield. Just fly. No talk. Red. Green. Very simple. I wondered whether their war would be the same.

The weather kept getting worse. We were still stuck in Japan but wangled a ride to a field where we hoped to get on an ammunition plane flying emergency supplies in to South Koreans. We found that a plane had been ordered to Suwon field with radio jeeps for General MacArthur's field headquarters, which had just been established. An urgent phone call back to Tokyo, and Major Buel ("Pappy") Williamson in the General Headquarters Press Office cleared us with four minutes to spare. Both of us could have kissed that shining majoral forehead. We piled into the plane and sat in the jeeps. The rain lifted enough for a take-off, and away we went. Over the plane's radio we listened in on the command wavelength of most of the American fighters operating over Korea, reporting everything from dogfights to strafings and rocket runs on locomotives. Through the window I could see nothing but swirling gray clouds and moisture slipping like soft jewels across the glass.

Two hours out the clouds suddenly began to break up, and we could see the ground below. The roads were the first thing to strike us. They were black with people heading south. Then three trains appeared crawling along the single track, all headed south and crowded and covered with refugees. We saw none of the dogfights reported over the air, but we did spot our F-82 escorts and cover poking their big twin noses through the clouds around us. That was reassuring.



VICTORIOUS PILOT, Lieut. Charles B. Moran, who shot down first Yak, waits in room to fly again.



FRIEND IN NEED, a GI tries high school French to help a Swiss nun arriving as a refugee in Japan.



KOREAN PILOT listens as an American explains instruments of P-51 newly given to Korean air force.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



WINNER IN COMBAT against the North Korean air force, Lieut. Robert T. Wayne of Garden City, N.Y., uses hands to show crew chief, Sgt. Jim Brothers,

how he shot down two Russian-made Yak fighters near Seoul. He is getting out of his F-40 jet fighter after returning to a U.S. Air Force base in southern Japan.

Korea CONTINUED

As we landed at Suwon airstrip in Korea, we were greeted by Burton Crane of the *New York Times* (opposite page), bandages covering the cuts he had received the night before, when the jeep in which he and Frank Gibney of *TIME-LIFE* had been riding was blasted. Crane told us that a pair of Yaks had just strafed the runways. Then four Yaks sneaked down just as a C-54 transport came in to land. They closed in, machine guns hammering out slugs all the way down in their dives. But the C-54 pilot must have seen them, for he took off across the paddies, skimming off next season's crop as he went. Another Yak dive-bombed the strip.

Later, going down a road in a jeep, I picked up an Air Force captain strolling down the road. He crawled over the camera cases and into the back seat, then turned and said, "Jesus Christ, you know, I've never been shot at before." It turned out that he was the pilot of another C-54 which the Yaks had caught on the runway. We went back to the strip, where we found two good-sized bomb craters in one end of the runway and the C-54 dripping gasoline from her left wing tanks.

Little curls of flame

SOMETHING caught my eye up in the sunlight on the right wing, and I nearly tore the gears out of the poor old jeep hauling out across the runway. The leading edge of the wing was in flames. Rubber encasing the de-icer was burning and spurring little orange curls of fire. The plane seemed doomed, so I took up a good picture position off the strip and waited for her to explode. She didn't, at least not right away. Except for the little orange flames and some smoke curling from the pilot's window, everything was quiet. Then two strange figures clambered back down the ladder and staggered over to the jeep. Air Force cameramen Ray Turnbull and John Romanowski had found Thermos jugs, blankets and even a 5-gallon jerry can of gas, all very scarce and valuable items. By this time it was getting along toward sunset. It seemed rather strange, but as the sun sank lower the flames climbed higher.

We could see the fire inside glowing brighter. Turnbull and Romanowski went back inside to haul out several cases of 105-mm shells which they figured might make too much mess on the strip if they were to go off when the plane exploded. Turnbull told me he had seen another jerry can of gasoline back in the cabin. It was now obviously my turn to do a little of the procuring. He was right, there was another jerry can and it was full. It seemed like money in the bank to have these full 10 extra gallons of gas slung in the back seat of the jeep. But that finished the picking over of our poor friend's carcass, for the cabin fire burned through the windows and up through the astrodome. Then it gushed into the cockpit, the nose burned off, the great tail flukes rose slowly against the evening sky and the right wing tanks exploded (above, right).

Even as that beautiful plane died, the evening sky turned from old rose to blood red. Flares ignited by the blast fell through the belly of the ship and lay burning upon the runway, their greens and scarlets reflected by the glistening undersurface of the wings. Through it all, as soft umbrellas of fire opened above the plane, other flames began to burn and tiny stars of incredible intensity showered out of the inferno and lay shimmering and dancing all around the ship. As died the fire, so died the sunset, and it was cool and dark and night was upon the land.

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VICTIM OF A RUSSIAN-BUILT PLANE THAT STRAFED SUWON AIRFIELD. AN AMERICAN C-54 TRANSPORT,



ANTIAIRCRAFT WEAPON is towed behind a balky truck pushed by Korean infantrymen. Multi-

barreled 50-caliber gun was flown in from American base in Japan to protect Suwon from Red air attack.



WHICH HAD LANDED TO UNLOAD SUPPLIES FOR SOUTH KOREA'S ARMY, NOSES OVER IN A FIERY HEAP



AIR-RAID ALARM sends Korean troops scurrying away from American transport which has just

landed at Suwon. This time no bombs fell because U.S. fighter planes chased off the attacking Yaks.

DON'T FORGET, ON JUNE 27... BINGO!

In the following account of how a Han River bridge was blown up, TIME-LIFE Correspondent Frank Gibney gives a revealing sidelight on the first days of the Korean war.



REPORTER CRANE

We were in Seoul when word came that tanks had entered the city. At Korean Military Advisory Group headquarters they said "Head for Suwon." As we ran out of the building, I noticed a sign saying, "Don't forget . . . Tuesday, June 27 . . . Bingo." Then we headed for the bridge over the River Han. Traffic moved quickly, but at the bridge it stopped. Half-way across, our jeep was wedged behind a huge six-by-six truck full of soldiers.

After a while a truck in front as well as some other vehicles started their motors. We waited for traffic to get going. Then, without warning, the sky was lighted by a huge sheet of sickly amber flame. There was a tremendous explosion immediately in front of us. Our jeep was picked up and smashed back 15 feet by the blast.

My glasses were smashed. Blood began pouring down from my head over my hands and clothing. The face of my colleague, Burton Crane of the New York Times, was covered with blood. I heard him say, "I can't see." Thinking the explosion was some kind of air raid, we raced for grass and gullies leading off from the bridge. Crane ripped off his undershirt and had me tie a crude tourniquet around his head. He tied a towel around my head, which was still dripping blood, then we got back into the jeep and drove back on the bridge for about 25 yards. We saw the remains of the six-by-six truck still burning brightly. Beyond it two blown spans had dropped 30 feet to the level of the river. All soldiers in the truck ahead of us had been killed. Bodies of the dead and dying were strewn over the bridge, civilians as well as soldiers. It was here that we first noticed the pathetic trust Koreans place in Americans. As we rested, men with bloody faces would come to us, point to their wounds and say hopefully, "Hospital . . . you take hospital." All we could do was shake our heads.

There must have been over a hundred casualties from the one blast. Some of those who had been hit had been waiting behind us. Later we decided that only the huge six-by-six in front had saved us from a worse fate. And only later did I discover the true irony of the situation. We thought the bridge had been mined by saboteurs. Actually it was dynamited on orders of the Korean chief of staff. The Korean army command had panicked and ordered the bridge blown too soon.

After we left the C-54 burning on the airstrip, we headed back toward the little town of Suwon, about four miles, but we were brought to an almost complete halt by hordes of refugees funneling south. Although no North Korean planes had yet started strafing the road, it seemed as though the entire population was afoot under cover of darkness. There were more than in the daylight, but in the daylight you catch some of the feeling of the crowds. I felt embarrassed in my knowledge that I could always get out



AGED KOREAN COUPLE ARE PULLED BY THEIR SON

somehow. When I came upon an ancient couple serenely sitting while their eldest son strained to pull them to safety, I felt nothing but shame at being bigger than all three and yet helplessly tied to the tiny camera in my hands. These were not poverty-stricken peasants headed from an uncertain past to a less certain future but the entire people of that section of Korea where life had been casual and full-stomached. Yet even with that life being demolished around them and the knowledge that at the end of the road south there lay nothing but the sea, they still were making their flight in quiet dignity, and I warmed to their pride.

Vehicles of all descriptions plowed through the crowds, all packed to bursting with men, most of them of the South Korean army and police force. There was little evidence of panic, yet less of leadership. The men just seemed to be caught in the crush of masses of voiceless, plodding people heading south down the road. That afternoon at the Suwon railroad station I had photographed them as they festooned themselves all over the train. They presented a pathetic but now everyday picture, different from others made in Greece, Palestine, India or China only in the fact that they were all rather well dressed and spotlessly clean.

There was not one defensive position to be seen anywhere nor any evidence that the soldiers we saw scattered along the route had any intention of fighting. It was not that they were all turning tail and running away. It was more as though they thought that this chaotic disintegration was happening to someone else's army. I knew that the order had been given for all South Korean stragglers to regroup at given points where it was hoped they could be reorganized into new lines of resistance. But nowhere along the 20-odd miles north to Seoul did I see any evidence of South Korean army command, no supplies going forward, nothing resembling lines of communications, no evidence of any kind which indicated that if a man were wounded, had he stayed behind to really fight, he would receive even the crudest medical care. I began giving serious thoughts to just what the hell did lie between us and the North Koreans.

Back at HQ, Tom Lambert of the A.P. told

me that no one yet knew exactly what the overall picture was except that it was bad. No tanks from the north had yet been reported working the south bank of the River Han, but no one knew how long that reprieve would last. Like the elephants used by Hannibal in his march into Italy, the tanks used by the Reds in their drive south paralyzed the defenders with mute fright and left them empty of any thought of retaliation. Even though the northerners committed their tanks to street fighting in Seoul, none of the defenders knew what gasoline would do if poured down from the rooftops into the exhaust. It really was not their fault. They just were not men of the machine age. But the U.S. Army major who jack-rabbed through those same streets in his jeep with a tank on his tail was a machine-age man, and he also did nothing but get the hell out of the way.

Apparently one half of all the South Korean troops had been either cut off or captured that first day of the attack. Nearly all field guns had been lost, but not all due to the simple answer that they had been abandoned. On the contrary they were pieces which were outranged by the Soviet-made artillery on the northern side. In order even to reach the north enemy batteries, it had been necessary to move these outgunned pieces right up into the front lines instead of having them in depth where they could fire over the heads of protecting troops in the line. The North Koreans simply laid in barrages which made the southern battery positions untenable, then they just walked over and occupied the positions at their leisure. Those southern Korean artillery pieces were American-made and were all that had been made available to Rhee's government despite warnings about the competition they faced across the 38th Parallel.



AT SUWON STATION REFUGEES LEAVE BY TRAIN

Back at my jeep I found my friends Turnbull and Romanowski draped protectingly over the limited seat space in the carrier. They and Lambert had taken my advice to heart that we never leave her unattended for a moment, regardless of what might happen all around. For if we lost our jeep, we were strictly peasants with Yankee accents. We parked under a low pinelike tree right at headquarters' front door, so nobody could get in or out without one of us knowing it. It was my turn to lie across the seats, and since it was the third day for us all without much sleep, we all took newly acquired life-raft blankets, and with the others in a protective triangle on the ground around her wheels, I reveled in the luxury of two whole seat cushions to myself and tried to figure a way to keep my knees out of the steering wheel.



A JEEP LOADED WITH KOREAN SOLDIERS STOPS



RETREATING SOLDIERS of the Korean army are calm as they halt on the highway 20 miles south of Seoul. After the capital fell, they seemed to be a

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



AND THE MEN RUN FOR COVER AS NORTH KOREAN PLANES RAID SUWON. SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY SMOKE BILLOWS UP WHERE A COMMUNIST BOMB HAS LANDED



disintegrating force, lacking in leadership. Unlike northern troops, many of whom fought with China's Reds in Manchuria, their ranks held few veterans.



FLEEING CIVILIANS straggle southward near Suwon, fearing the approach of Red tank columns, which also terrified many southern troops. More of

the civilian refugees moved by night than day, carrying food and their most precious belongings. They cheered when they heard U.S. bombers overhead.



MACARTHUR (LEFT) SEES BATTLE A MILE AWAY NEAR SEOUL (BACKGROUND), WHICH FELL EARLIER

Korea CONTINUED

Thursday the 29th, the fifth day of the war, was clear and dry—perfect tank weather. But it also allowed American fighters to dominate the fairly open, low rolling terrain for most of the daylight hours. We were told to get down to the airstrip. Seeing Brig. General John Huston Church, newly appointed field commander of U.S. forces in Korea, walk over to an observation plane which had just landed, I followed. The man who popped out was Syngman Rhee, president of South Korea. The scholarly old gentleman and our ambassador, John J. Muccio, had just had the flight of their lives. Coming up from the temporary capital at Taejon they had been jumped by a lone Yak. By staying at treetop level and whipping their little planes all around through the back canyons of the mountains, the two American pilots had kept the Yak pilot so outmaneuvered that he never got a chance to throw a burst into them. I felt nothing but admiration for Rhee's composure at such a naked moment in his life, but more than that I shall always remember the way he looked down at our booted feet as we stood in the field alongside the strip. With an expression of tenderness rare even among Orientals he looked up from the earth and said, "But the young soybean sprouts. Our feet are crushing them." Muccio hurried the president into a waiting car, away from the field.

Marine meets MacArthur

AT that moment another C-54 landed almost unnoticed on the strip. The name painted on its nose said it all, "Bataan." General MacArthur stepped down, corncob pipe, long stem and all, clutched as a weapon between his fingers. As Church greeted him, my prejudiced Marine heart—influenced by the traditional coolness between the Marines and MacArthur—was pumping so that I could feel it under my fingertips holding the camera.

MacArthur seemed buoyant, his eyes possessed that same luminous brilliance which I had sometimes seen in the faces of fever patients. Feeling my gaze upon him, he turned slightly and at the same moment his eyes flicked across my face up to the Marine emblem on my old

ball cap and back down to my eyes. So I stepped forward and introduced myself, by name and as the photographer who had taken the place of LIFE's Carl Mydans in covering this part of the world. When he answered me a strange thing happened. He said that Carl—who had been with MacArthur in the Philippines in 1941 and was with him again when he returned to the Philippines in 1945—had cabled him two days before that he was en route back to Japan. And as he told me those few words, something settled back down behind his eyes. I thought to myself that I must remember to tell Carl, for I considered it the greatest compliment I had ever seen paid by one man to another.

MacArthur ordered his car and headed up the almost unscouted road to the front. We were wildly cheered as we churned up the dust. Not because the first car contained MacArthur, but solely because we looked grim and dirty and businesslike and were driving north. Where the villages through which we passed before had been inhabited only by glum people packing their few belongings for the journey south, there were now whole ranks of soldiers standing at attention. Villagers shouted greetings. Twice we heard "MacArt!" "Victolly!"

At the crossroads of Yongdungpo we could plainly see northern artillery fire landing south of the river less than one mile away. MacArthur stopped, and the arrogance and almost exasperating belligerence with which he stood in that intersection delighted me.

I drove back to the airport. At one edge of the field I found Pfc. Thomas Merante of New York City (p. 19) being bandaged by his buddies. He'd arrived 15 minutes before to help set up an ack-ack position. His was probably the record round trip to Suwon, for he was evacuated on another plane within another 15 minutes. Poor old President Rhee had a tough time of it too. The attackers caught his plane taxiing for its take-off. The pilot had skidded to a stop, and off they scampered into his maltreated soybeans. MacArthur was ready to fly back to Japan. To get the pictures into New York in time, I had to go on that plane. When I asked MacArthur he immediately answered "Certainly." Then his eyes again flicked up to my cap and back to my face, and he turned with a little smile to speak to one of his staff.



AT SUWON, MacArthur and chief of staff, Major General Almond, prepare to drive 20 miles to front.



AT YONGDUNGPO, a crossroads, he talks with U.S. field commander, Brig. General John Church.



KOREA'S PRESIDENT Rhee gets warm goodbye from General Willoughby, on MacArthur's behalf.



BATAAN



KOREA IS IN CENTER OF EXPLOSIVE AREA

To understand the international importance of the struggle in Korea, the country should be seen as it is in the perspective view above, which maps Asia from a point west of Guam. The tiny country lies at the edge of Communism's Asiatic frontier, indicated by a black line, which has shut off 60% of the Asiatic mainland and enveloped nearly 500 million people. The line begins north of Japan in the Kurile Islands (*extreme right*), slices Korea in two,

follows the China coast south (leaving Hong Kong just outside), hugs the boundaries of southeast Asia and the Indian states until it comes again to the U.S.S.R. Out of Red China the arrows and dotted lines mark Communist infiltration into three countries now most vulnerable to Communist aggression.

Indo-China is held uneasily by the French-sponsored government of Emperor Bao Dai who, even with 130,000 French troops, controls



only a fifth of the country. The rest is held by guerrillas of Communist leader Ho Chi Minh, who is aided by China. Another arrow reaches down the thin peninsular arm of Malaya, where Communists keep British police on the jump with their back-country burnings and murders. The arm down into Burma recently proved ineffectual when the pro-Western Burmese government drove the Communists into the hills. But the country still is an economic shambles.

These are the weakest spots. India, with a weak native Communist party, took a stand in the U.N. in support of U.S. and U.N. intervention in Korea. The unstable Philippines have trouble with their Communist-led Huk, but this pressure is internal not external. Hong Kong would be an easy military conquest for Communist China any time it dared. Formosa, last outpost of Nationalist China, was highly vulnerable until President Truman ordered

the U.S. Seventh Fleet to seal it off from any Chinese Communist attack. This set a firm anti-Communist defense front: from Japan through Okinawa and Formosa and the Philippines. The significance of this action and the defense of South Korea was plain: the U.S., acting for the U.N., was determined to dampen a small explosion before it became a big one—before Communist aggression moved elsewhere in Asia and blew up most of the Orient.



ADVERTISING MAN Phil Norman, 30, whose 4 foot 11 height kept him out of draft: "We backed down before. We're right in saying stop."

Korea CONTINUED

SYCAMORE BACKS THE PRESIDENT

Sycamore is a town of 6,000 in northern Illinois, in what was once thought of as the heart of the "isolationist belt." Last week a team of *LIFE* reporters stood for four hours on the main street, quietly asking each adult passer-by the same question: "Do you agree with what we have done in Korea, or do you think we have made a mistake?" The answer of the people (below) could scarcely have been more unanimous if the reporters had asked, "Do you think the sun will rise tomorrow?" Only one lonely man disagreed.

In 10,000 other towns like Sycamore across the nation the answers were the same. The people looked to the President, grasped instantly the meaning of what he had done and were all for it. Many were frankly worried. They flooded automobile dealers with orders for new cars, bought sets of tires to stack away

against the day when there might be none for civilians. In Oregon, marriage-license applications suddenly showed a marked increase. Ex-GIs in Denver stopped each other on the street to chant "What the hell?" and "To hell with the 38th Parallel," but this was neither a joke nor a sign of disagreement with the President. Instead it was a sign that the ex-GIs were feeling pretty chipper—although Communist analysts of American opinion would never understand that. But in New Jersey there was another sign that any Red could easily understand. At the Ingersoll-Rand plant, shut down by a strike of an independent electrical workers' union, word was received that an American aircraft carrier on the Pacific Coast needed a new set of pumps. The strikers went back to their jobs, speedily assembled the pumps and then returned to the picket line.



CARPENTER Fred Buck, 74: "I don't know if we're doing right or not, but the sooner you stop the Russians, the sooner we're getting somewhere."



TEACHER Eric Henigan, 28, Marine veteran: "Russia is like Germany, taking countries one by one. If war comes, I'll go back to the Marines."



LAWYER Theodore Anderson, 44, World War II Naval officer: "This is the time for action. I hope the U.S. action will prevent World War III."



MECHANIC Joe Hunt, 35, veteran: "We shouldn't have cut the Army after the war. We were right to help Korea. It's a key part of the world."



SALESMAN Walter Oeser, 25, who was with the Navy in the Solomons: "Why let the Russians get the jump? I've got a family, but I'll serve again."



HOUSEWIFE Mrs. Fred Scherf, 48, mother of three: "Generals in Washington know what they are doing. It was this or another Pearl Harbor."



MAILMAN John W. Lindstrom, 57, World War I veteran, father of two sons: "It was smart what Truman did. Let's show the Russians we're serious."



LABORER Emmet Woods, 52, in both World Wars: "Congress shoulda made Truman act tougher. He lowered boom on 'em. I'da dropped it."



VETERANS' COUNSELOR Leo Graham, 32: "We should've checked them in 1945. I was in Czechoslovakia and we should have done it then."



JANITOR George Boleen, 59: "The situation with the Russians don't look good to me. It's better to get the god-damned thing cleared up right now."

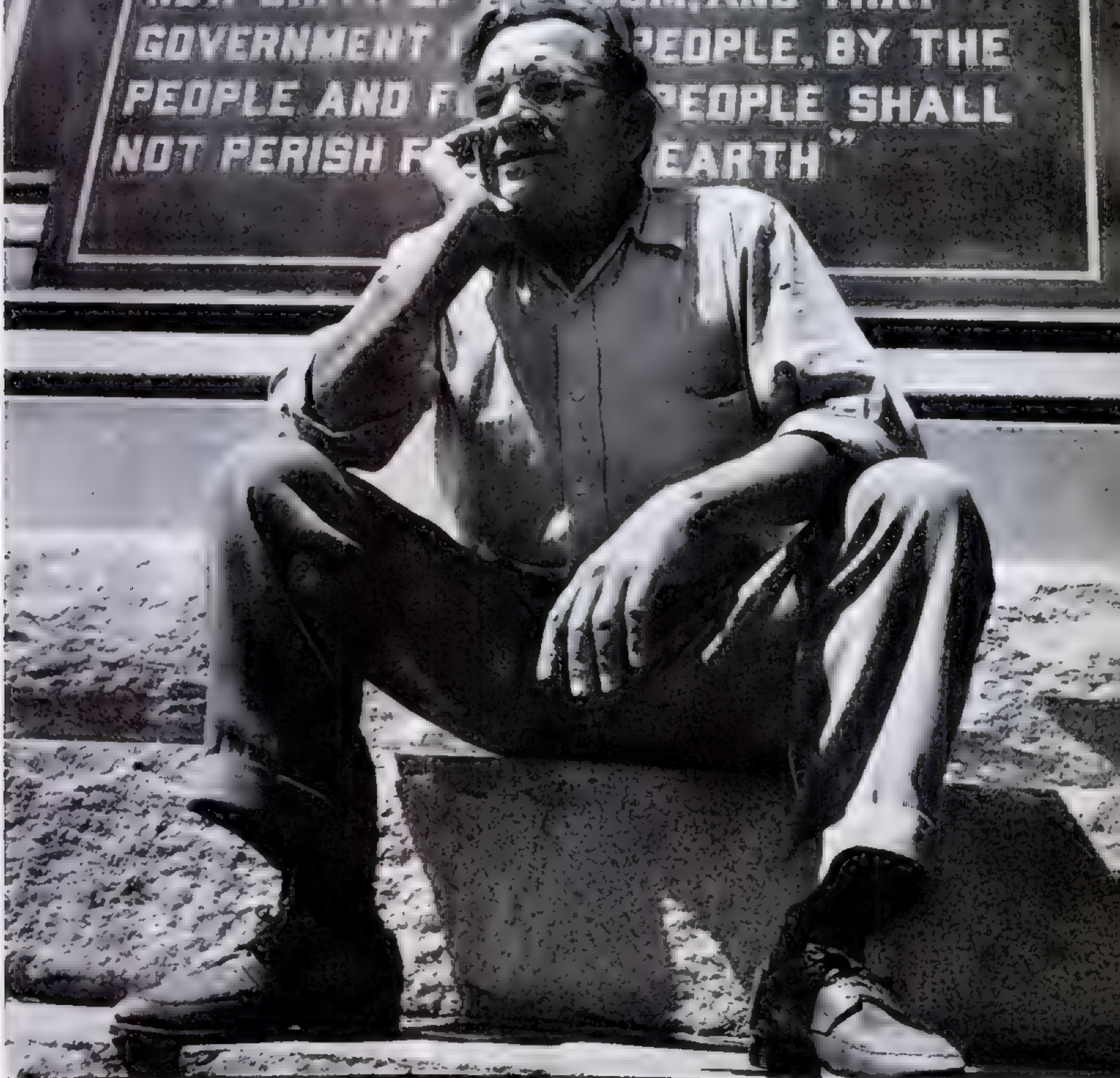


HOUSEWIFE Mrs. John McNamara, 40: "I don't want a war. My son was in one. I don't want him in again, but we had to do what we did."



DRUGGIST David Hamilton, 38, who served in Burma: "I am not in sympathy with what we are doing. Asiatic wars are not our business."

DEKALB COUNTY
TO THE MEMORY OF THE MEN WHO
FOUGHT TO PRESERVE THE UNION: "THAT
THE NATION SHALL UNDER GOD, HAVE A
NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM, AND THAT
GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE
PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE SHALL
NOT PERISH FROM EARTH"



TAILOR GEORGE W. RODEN, 58, sitting beneath a Civil War monument inscribed with the words of Lincoln which generations of Americans have learned by heart gives his views: "Sure I got boys, and son-in-law 'too. I till agree with Truman. We have let Russia get too many countries, and too many footholds,

We ought to protect those countries and get those Commies out of there. We ought to let those people in Europe and Asia run their own countries, but we ought to see they get good rulers. And when they have an election we ought to see that they have a fair and honest election. That's what this country's for."



THE PRESIDENT PRAYS

The President, in what may someday be pointed out as the most fateful week of his life, had a heavy heart. He called in a Washington correspondent and spoke somberly of the profound pressures under which he worked, of the sorrow and regret he felt at having to send Americans into combat once more. Twice he told his defense chiefs that he knew only too well that the fate of the U.N. and man's hope for peace were in the balance.

Outwardly the President was a man intent on getting

his routine duties accomplished. Instead of dropping appointments from his crowded schedule, he simply worked longer and harder. He found time to lay a Washington courthouse cornerstone, to talk to some senators about "a little judgeship" and to speak to a convocation of Boy Scouts. He also prayed. At the cornerstone ceremony the words of the simple prayer had to do with judges and obedience to law, but the President's face looked as though he were praying for something that went far beyond that.

COOL SUMMER MEALS CALL FOR
ONE HOT DISH ... MAKE IT...

SOUP FOR LUNCH

**Soup is America's favorite lunch dish,
nation-wide poll says—and here's why!**

North, south, east, west, millions share a happy eating habit... *soup for lunch!* In summer, soup is ideal for the one hot dish urged by nutrition experts! It's delicious... nourishing... easily digested. By contrast it makes cold foods taste better. It's ready in four minutes... you and your kitchen stay cool. Today... every day... have soup for lunch! Here are three of Campbell's 21 kinds.



SOUP AND DESSERT Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup
Generous pieces of beef, nourishing garden vegetables, mingled in rich beef stock!
Crackers Raspberry Shortcake Iced Coffee



SOUP, SANDWICH AND DESSERT Campbell's Tomato Soup
Choice tomatoes... creamery butter... and Campbell's own famous recipe!
Lunchmeat Sandwich Blackberries Milk



SOUP AND SALAD Campbell's Chicken ^{with rice} Soup
Tender pieces of chicken with fluffy rice... in a gleaming golden broth!
Crackers Tossed Salad Iced Tea



It takes experience to produce

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY



100 PROOF



The mellow, heart-warming flavor of Old Grand-Dad proves again that there is no substitute for experience in artistic achievement. Many full, rich years of distilling experience go into making Old Grand-Dad uniformly true to its Kentucky heritage; four or more years of aging add golden luster to each precious drop of this great bourbon. Make Old Grand-Dad your next experience—then you'll see.

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky

Head of the Bourbon Family

A MIGHTY JOB

ACTION IN KOREA INVOLVES THE FUTURE OF ASIA'S MILLIONS

BREAKING A MONOPOLY

The editorial at the right concerns itself with Asia and our national defense in the Pacific. But Truman's decision on Korea has a worldwide meaning: for the first time the U.S. announced a policy of striking back, of making Communism pay for its aggressions. In the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact, the U.S. merely agreed to help some of its friends ward off Communist attacks. When the Communists pressed Berlin, the U.S. replied with the airlift—to Berlin. When the Communists fomented civil war in Greece, the U.S. helped build an effective defense—in Greece.

The flaw in this policy was that it gave all the initiative to the enemy, invited him to bleed us white with crisis after crisis. If Truman had followed that pattern, he would have limited his commitment to the defense of South Korea. On June 27 he did much more. He denied to Communism a prize it already had between its paws, Formosa; he further announced because of Korea the U.S. would step up its help to two other countries—the Philippines and Indo-China—in their struggle against Communism.

From the Truman reaction to Korea it could follow that the U.S. need no longer confine itself to a piece-by-piece defense of whatever the Communists choose to threaten. President Truman's historic decision still leaves the Kremlin its corner on aggression, but it breaks the Communist monopoly on initiative.

THE GREAT SWITCHEROO

You've heard of the Squidgicum-Squee that swallowed itself, but it has nothing on the Chicago Tribune, which has now met itself going and coming on the Korean crisis. For weeks the Tribune has been pounding Truman for taking the advice of Owen Lattimore on the subject of Asia. On the specific instance of Korea, Lattimore had advised Truman to get the hell out of the place and let nature take its course. When nature (meaning the North Korean Commies) did finally get around to taking its course, Truman followed the Tribune's advice and rejected Mr. Lattimore utterly. Did this satisfy the Trib? Ah, no. It promptly jumped the President for an "illegal declaration of war."

This leaves us dazed, particularly so because the Tribune recently wrote the best criticism of Owen Lattimore ever penned. It consisted almost entirely of quotations from Lattimore's books. If we weren't used to the sublime illogicality of the human animal, it would bewilder us to see the Trib line up with Pravda and the written words of Owen Lattimore.

A good deal has been said on this page about American policy and lack of policy and failure of policy in Asia. Much of it boils down to the following:

Someday, a president of the U.S. will have to take a fighting stand against Communism somewhere west of California. It will be better to do it today than tomorrow. It would have been better to do it yesterday than today. And a lot better day before yesterday.

On June 27, President Harry Truman, in line with U.S. obligations to the United Nations, sent the world's mightiest navy and the world's most modern air force into action against Communism in Asia. And the reaction of the plain man seems to have been "At last! It was the only thing to do."

Both the President and the plain man are to be congratulated: the President for the courage of decision and the plain man for net good judgment on a very complicated matter.

For the issues are indeed very complicated. What is involved is nothing less than the whole vast question of how the people of America are going to get on with 1.2 billion men, women and children of Asia now living in a state of disorder.

Since V-J Day the Truman administration has made tragic mistakes in this area. The "complications" provided our government with endless alibis. Dictators use the Big Lie; democratic governments are too prone to use, and get away with, the Big Alibi.

In the case of China, for example, the Big Alibi of the administration was Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang had many faults. And in his huge government of a huge country he had many bad actors. Out of all this, the left-wingers and the lazy minds manufactured the Big Alibi for our colossal failure.

But on June 27, 1950, President Truman revised the policy of his administration and therefore, for the first time in five years, we can begin to discuss, with hope, a real overall policy toward and in Asia.

The American problem in Asia can be divided into two parts—although actually they are inextricable. There is the question of the military defense of the U.S. And there is the question of our constructive, brotherly relations with the people of Asia.

What Truman did on June 27 was primarily to establish the defense of the U.S. on the western shores of the Pacific. That's fine. In World War II, the U.S. took command of the 70 million square miles of the Pacific Ocean. Truman's action in sending the fleet to protect Formosa established our intention of safeguarding the whole Pacific.

As to the second point—how to get on with the 1.2 billion people of Asia—there we come back to the "complications." And, painful though it may be, we come back to the case of Chiang Kai-shek.

The "complications" of the China situation five years ago, great as they were, pale into insignificance when compared to what the U.S. Government has faced in Asia since Communism won the Chinese mainland. Today, as Washington seeks a policy in Asia, it

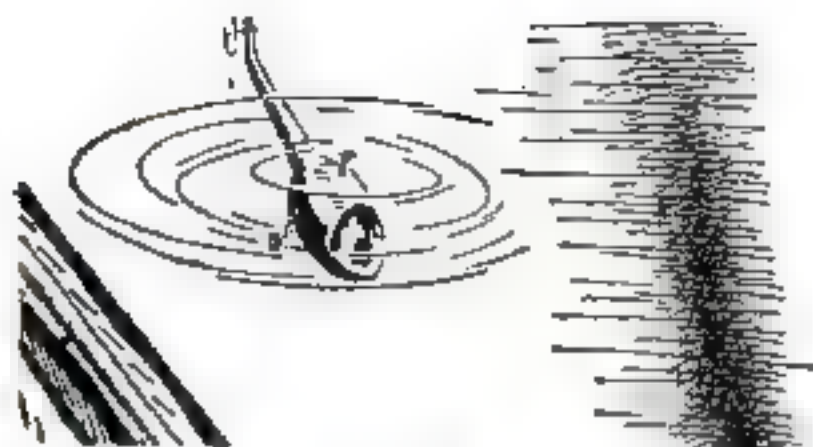
looks about for props and footholds, and finds that (outside of Japan and the Philippines) the one point of strength and order and resolution to resist is in Formosa, the last stand of the despised Chiang, the "impossible" Chiang. History has no irony more cruel than this—nor any lesson more fruitful for the future if we will read it aright.

The lesson can be summarized (and generalized) briefly as follows:

1. We cannot expect to find in Asia any government which is strongly established—let alone "good" by our civics textbook standards. All the countries of Asia are going through tremendous changes—with only small handfuls of trained or experienced men to guide them.
2. We can find governments which are a) anti-Communist, b) pro-American or pro-democratic, c) aiming to develop their countries along democratic lines. With such governments we must wholeheartedly cooperate.

Concretely then and logically the next step President Truman should take is to reinstate Chiang Kai-shek as our full ally in the general worldwide struggle against Communism. Of all the world's leaders, Chiang Kai-shek is the one who has fought Communism longest—one of the few who has never been taken in by Communist camouflage. He is ready and able to work closely with America in both military and economic affairs. His goal is a democratic China. This is the other side of the Chiang Kai-shek picture which, despite all the "complications," was never lost sight of by many Americans—such as General Douglas MacArthur for one, and also the New York Times, Roy Howard of the Scripps-Howard papers and a small but valiant number of senators and congressmen.

We have much work to do with many other Asian nations—Korea, the Philippines, Indo-China, Indonesia, Siam, Burma, Malaya and, of course, Japan. These nations are all peripheral to China. They are also nations of real people with not only the ordinary human wants of all people, but also valuable and interesting traits of character and of culture, with ways of life which need to be changed but by no means in our image but according to their own inspiration and aspirations. The temporary loss of China has this one advantage—that it forces us into genuine interest in these other nations at a time when they face great difficulties but also great opportunities for economic, educational and political advance. Our first job is to make clear—as was begun on June 27—that the armed might of the U.S. will protect them against all outside Communist aggression. Our second and constructive job is to work with them to help them build up their political economies against the dangers of chaos and overthrow from within. It is a mighty job—a mighty tough one, a mighty interesting one. In the doing of this job, we shall gain as a nation more than we give. We shall gain in the broadening of our participation in the whole human adventure.



In 14.9 Seconds
A Helicopter Travels
One Half Mile
But In Only

TWO SECONDS



Bayer Aspirin
Is Ready To Go
To Work!

MAKE THIS TEST!

To see how fast it's ready to go to work, drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water, and time its disintegrating speed. What happens in the glass, happens in your stomach.



Millions of people use Bayer Aspirin for relief when they have an ordinary headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain. This is because Bayer Aspirin tablets start disintegrating with astonishing speed...are actually ready to go to work in *two seconds*. And these people know this is why Bayer Aspirin brings quick relief.

But important as *fast relief* is when you're in pain, there are also *other* reasons why Bayer Aspirin is the choice of so many people from coast to coast.

First, it's remarkably effective. Second, it's wonderfully gentle. In fact, Bayer Aspirin's single active ingredient is *so effective*, doctors regularly prescribe it for pain relief

...is so gentle to the system mothers give it even to small children on their doctors' advice.

So don't experiment with drugs that have not stood the test of time. Whenever you have a headache, do as millions do—use Bayer Aspirin for fast, dependable relief. And when you buy, buy by name. Ask for genuine *Bayer Aspirin*.

NOW...BAYER ASPIRIN IN CHILDREN'S SIZE

New 2 1/2 grain tablets (containing half the amount of regular size Bayer Aspirin tablets) provide proper children's dosage as prescribed by your doctor. They're neither flavored nor colored, so they cannot be mistaken for candy. 30 Tablets—25c.

*** Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine**

BAYER ASPIRIN

WATCH THE—OOPS!



In England Alan Mungavin was so busy focusing on delegates to a convention that he forgot all about the pool behind him, splashed backwards into it. Other cameramen photographed the mishap and the delegates who were laughing too hard at Mungavin to look properly serious.



Are you always Lovely to Love?

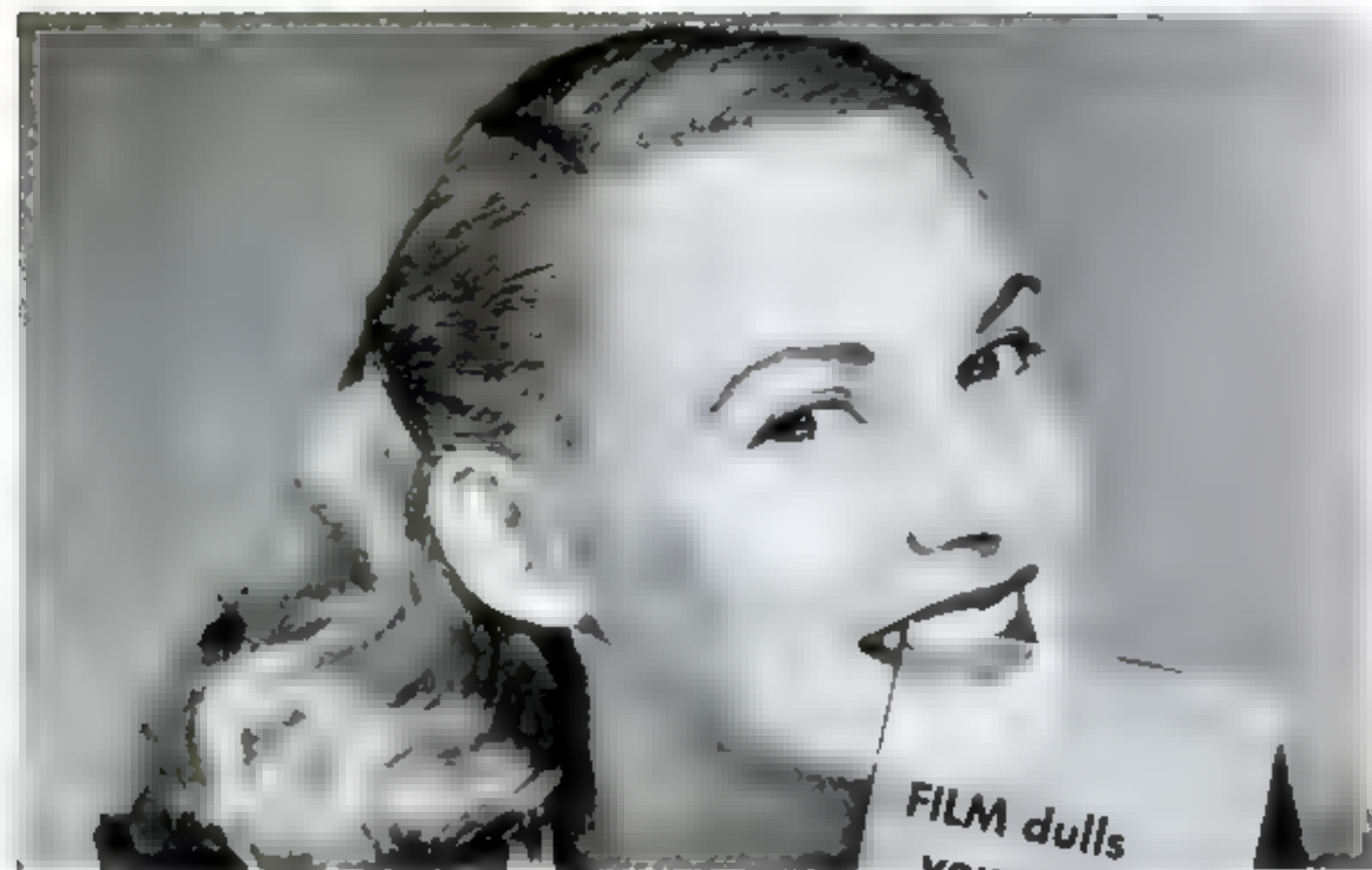
Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—*«* which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!



For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.

Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



Pepsodent removes FILM— helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.



LENA AND LENNIE In Paris last month, Singer Lena Horne, 33, and Lennie Hayton, 42, M-G-M musical director, sat at a sidewalk cafe after letting out a secret: they had been married in Paris in 1947, had just decided to announce it. "Sentimentality," said Lena. She is a Negro, he is white.



KING AND MASTER In a "bill" (roll call ceremony) at Harrow, students filed past their headmaster, answered to their names and tipped their hats. When his turn came, Feisal Hussein, the 15-year-old king of Iraq and a second-year student at the school, politely tipped his hat like all the others.

At Last... the perfect way to buy cheese-in-slices!

8 PERFECT SLICES
(NO SLIVERS! NO DRIED EDGES)
IN THIS NEAT PACKAGE
WEIGHT: ½ POUND

Cut...wrapped...sealed
by Kraft right after
pasteurization

**THEY'RE
PROTECTED
BY KRAFT
ALL THE WAY
TO YOU**

You've never before been able to buy cheese slices like these—so perfect, so handy, so delicious, so thoroughly protected all the way to your kitchen!

Kraft De Luxe Slices are made possible by a wonderful new invention exclusive with Kraft. Now the perfect slices are automatically formed and cut right after the golden process cheese is pasteurized!

Immediately the Kraft De Luxe Slices are wrapped and sealed—in a package that is so neat many women just "can't believe" it holds eight slices... a half pound of cheese!

See for yourself! Once you've discovered the goodness and convenience of Kraft De Luxe Slices you'll never buy ready-cut cheese any other way!



NOTE how perfect every Kraft De Luxe Slice is! (No broken slices or dried out edges.) And the flavor is so mellow-good. For a fine sandwich tray alternate

Kraft De Luxe Slices with slices of enriched bread (crusts trimmed), Kraft Mustard and tomato wedges complete the "fixin's" everyone will enjoy.

KRAFT
De Luxe **SLICES**

4 KINDS • American • Pimento • Swiss • sharp Old English Brand



THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT





ARCHITECT Stonorov's four children helped to teach him the architectural needs of a modern family.

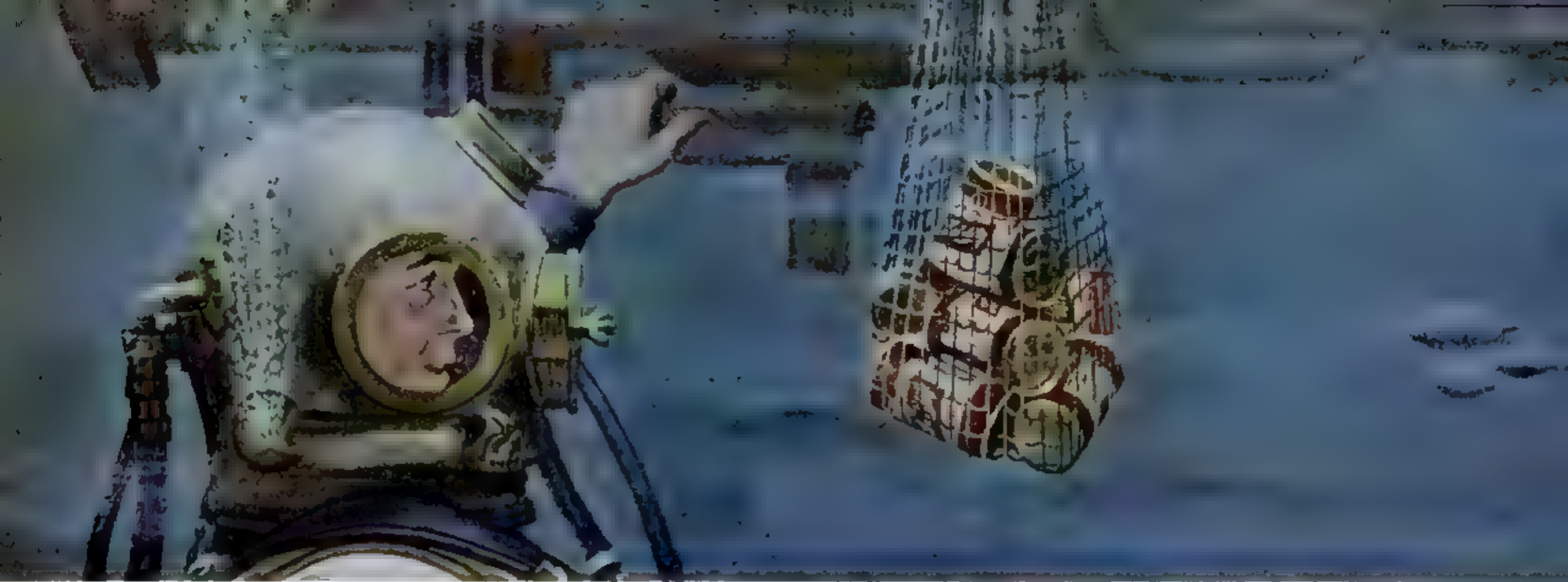
HOUSE for FAMILY LIVING

**Roofless, full-size model shows
a design for the "peak" years**

The unique edifice shown at left is no scale model but a full-size house, containing living people and real furniture—although its walls are only three feet high. It was put up temporarily by Gimbels Philadelphia and will be the basis of a forthcoming exhibit in the department store. It is purposely roofless to make clear its interior plan on which Architect Oskar Stonorov lavished much thought and ingenuity. Stonorov is far more concerned with the interior design of a house than with its exterior. After much research on the changing modes of family living in America, he designed this one to meet the needs of the average-size U.S. family during its "crowded" and "peak" years (*next page*).

The house simplifies housekeeping and child supervision by having a combination kitchen-playroom (*lower left*) where young children can play under mother's eye. Living room and dining room are out of the main stream of traffic which keeps them tidy and makes privacy possible for adults. There is a two-basin main bathroom (*right*), a lavatory and three bedrooms plus a study-guest room (*right of living room*). Bedrooms are well separated from each other and there is plenty of desk space. Near bedrooms are closets for linens and luggage. At far left is a utility room. Basementless and with radiant heat in the ceiling, a carport (*left*) and back terrace, the house would cost from \$17,000 to \$20,000, Stonorov estimates, regardless of whether the low walls ultimately grew into prim Colonial, simple "ranch house" or stark modern.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"I was curious..."



I tasted it...



No wonder Schlitz is...

The largest-selling beer in America!"

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!



© 1950, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS



LIFE CYCLE of U.S. marriage is about 40 years as the scale at the bottom of the pictograph shows. As children arrive at the average two-year intervals (left), family space

requirements (red line) step sharply up and house bursts with activity. Then, as marriage or careers take the children away, family activity steps sharply down (right).

DESIGN IS BASED ON THE AMERICAN MARRIAGE CYCLE

In 1946 at Rye, N.Y. the Woman's Foundation assembled a conference of sociologists, architects and pediatricians to determine how the U.S. house could better serve the U.S. family. This conference made a number of findings about U.S. marriage (above). The average marriage lasts 40 years. It produces 2.17 children and goes through four phases. The first or "early" phase, usually two or three years, is childless and a small apartment suffices for the young family. Next come the "crowded" years, about 10. The children arrive and grow out of infancy, and the expanding family's housing needs begin to increase and diversify. The "peak" years of marriage (years 12 to 27) begin when the youngest child reaches seven. At this time family income is highest and, with the older

children entertaining guests as well as the parents, the family's demands on its housing facilities are heavy. The "later" or last 15 years of marriage begin when the youngest child follows the others out into the world and the parents return to small quarters to live out their span.

It is to satisfy the requirements of the "crowded" and "peak" years that Architect Stonorov, a participant in the Rye conference, subsequently designed the house shown on pages 40 and 41. In it several age groups can be entertained simultaneously. There is plenty of space to spread out toys or hobbies. Perhaps most important, the house is planned to enable each family member to satisfy the universal desire to withdraw on occasion and enjoy a moment of pure privacy.



GROUND VIEW of cutaway house with its 3-foot-high walls looked like this, with playroom's work table at left, bedroom, and closets at right of "front door." After a con-

crete slab and the walls had been laid down in a Philadelphia suburb, Gimbels furnished and then dismantled the whole house in 12 hours so the aerial picture could be made.



Gentler bleaching action.....

added protection for linens! There's extra protection for linens, and baby, too, with Clorox! For linens—because Clorox is free from caustic, *extra gentle*. For babies—because Clorox makes linens *sanitary*. In addition, Clorox removes stains, makes white or color-fast cottons and linens *snowy-white, color-bright*. Let Clorox go to work protecting linens, and health, for you!



Greater disinfecting efficiency...

added protection for health! This wise housewife is protecting her family's health. And so easily! She simply includes Clorox in her routine cleaning of bathroom and kitchen. That's because Clorox not only removes stains and deodorizes, it *disinfects*. And Clorox does a *super* job of disinfecting... *kills germs quicker* than any other product of its kind! See directions on the label.

Copyright 1950, Clorox Chemical Co.

CLOROX AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND DISINFECTANT



First

in smooth, low-cost, No-Shift Driving

Yes, you'll enjoy the finest kind of *no-shift driving* at lowest cost—without clutch pedal, gearshift lever or gearshifting—with Chevrolet's exclusive Powerglide Automatic Transmission teamed with a 105-h.p. Valve-in-Head Engine! Or the finest kind of *standard driving* at lowest cost with Chevrolet's world-famous Silent Synchro-Mesh Transmission teamed with the highly improved, more powerful standard Valve-in-Head engine! Choose a Chevrolet with either of these two great engines and drives and experience results exclusive to this one low-priced car!

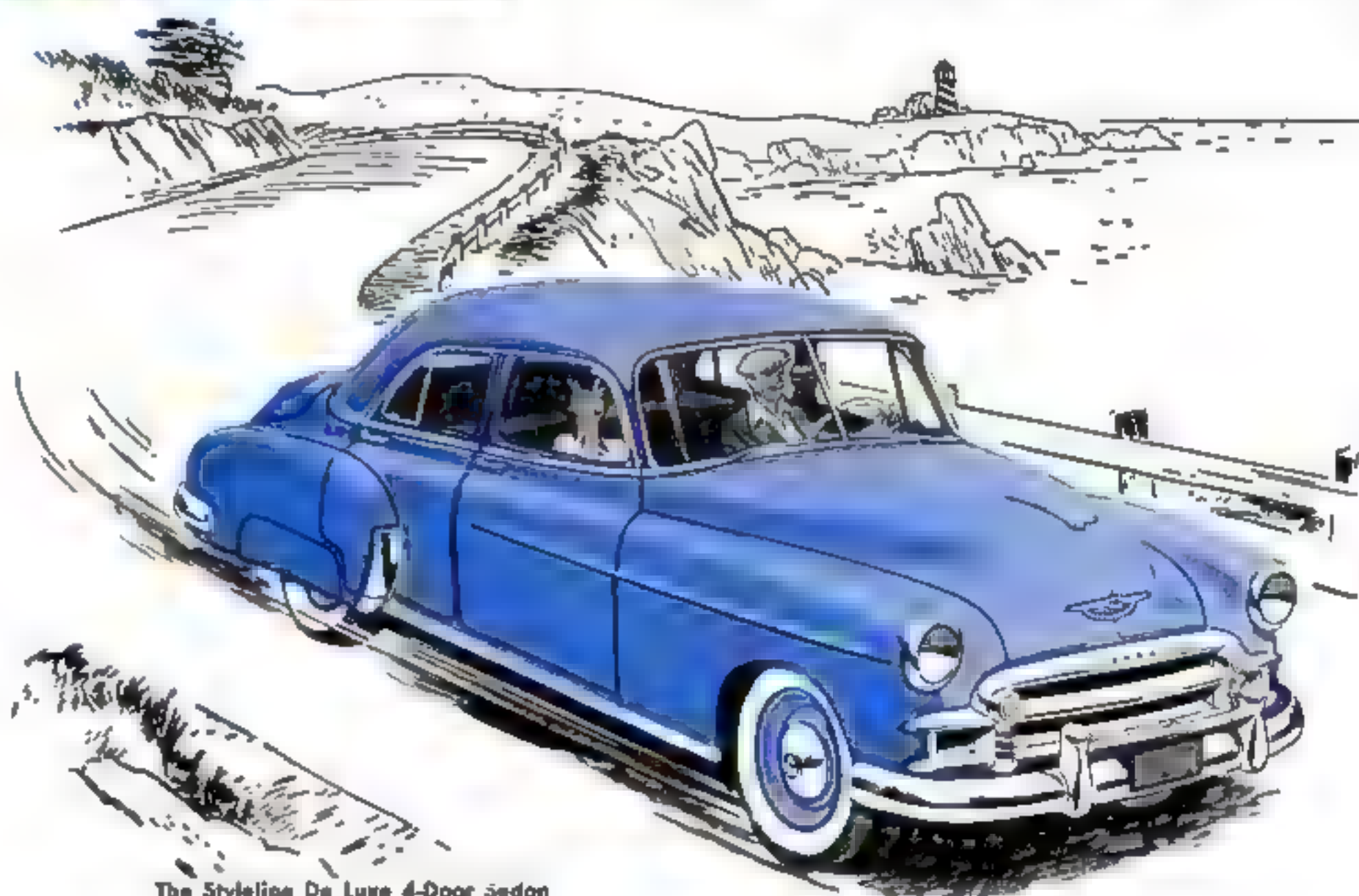
*Combination of Powerglide Automatic Transmission and 105-h.p. Engine optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.



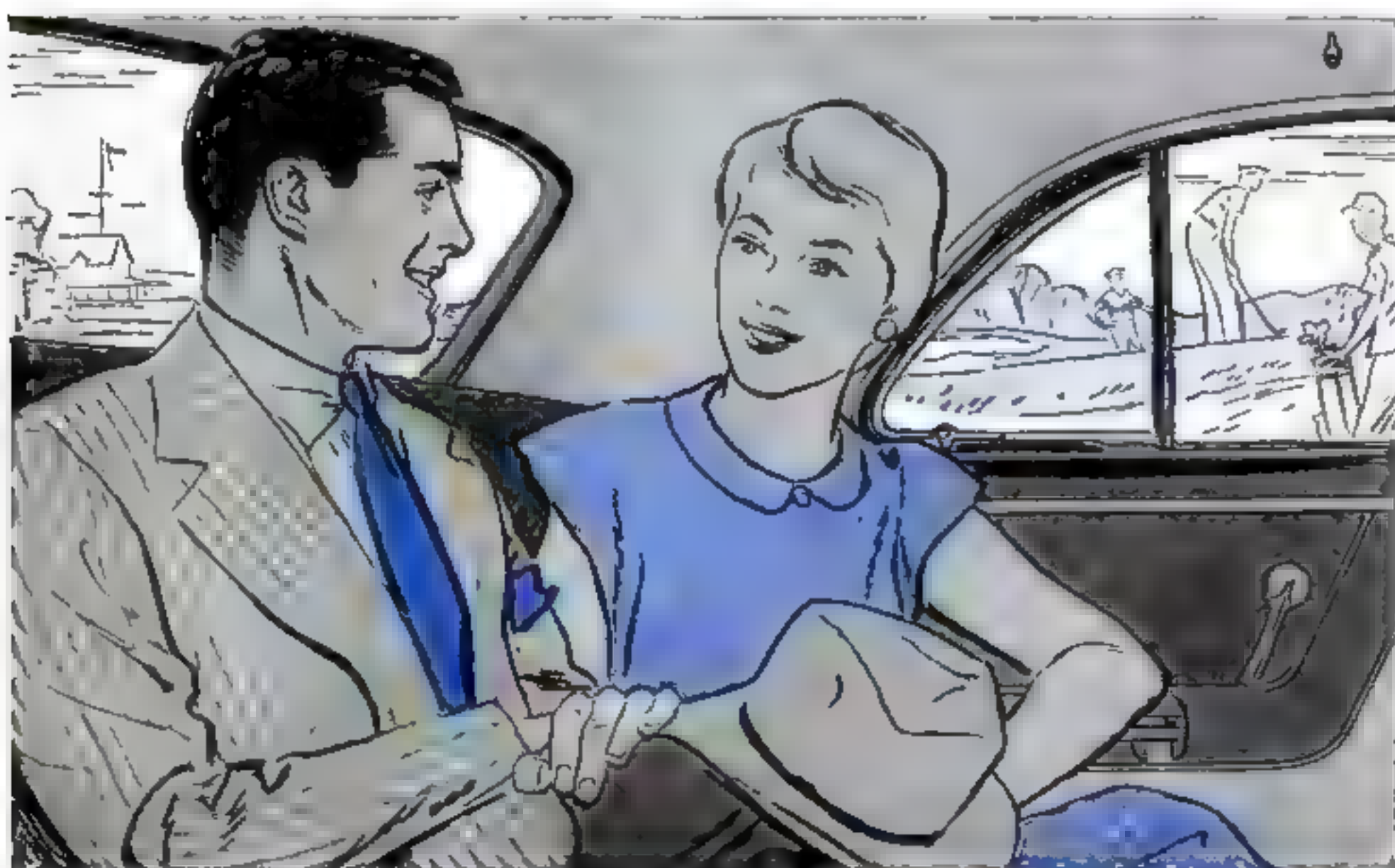
and Finest

for performance that's both thrilling and thrifty

City streets—modern highways—dirt or gravel roads, hills or mountains—all are easy for the Chevrolet owner. This car is designed and built to ride comfortably over all types of roads . . . to perform superlatively well in all seasons . . . and to continue to serve faithfully over a long period of years with surprisingly low cost for gas, oil and upkeep. Its abilities are proved; it brings you its own special combination of performance and economy; and, consequently, more people buy Chevrolets than any other make of car, year after year.



The Styline De Luxe 4-Door Sedan



at Lowest Cost

with all these advantages for the least money

The most satisfying and gratifying thing of all is that Chevrolet offers so many features of highest-priced cars and yet remains the *lowest-priced* line of full-length cars in America. Features like Body by Fisher for outstanding beauty, comfort and safety . . . extra-wide "five-foot seats," the famous Unitized Knee-Action Ride and airplane-type shock absorbers for luxurious riding-ease . . . and Curved Windshield with Panoramic Visibility and Proved Certi-Safe Hydraulic Brakes for maximum safety-protection. See it—test it—and you will choose Chevrolet—*first and finest at lowest cost.*

AMERICA'S BEST SELLER . . . AMERICA'S BEST BUY

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN



JUBILANT TIGERS POUNCE ON HOOT EVERS (No. 14) AS HE CROSSES PLATE ON THE HOME RUN THAT BROKE UP THE FIRST GAME AGAINST THE YANKEES

HOOT'S HOMERS BUST UP GAMES

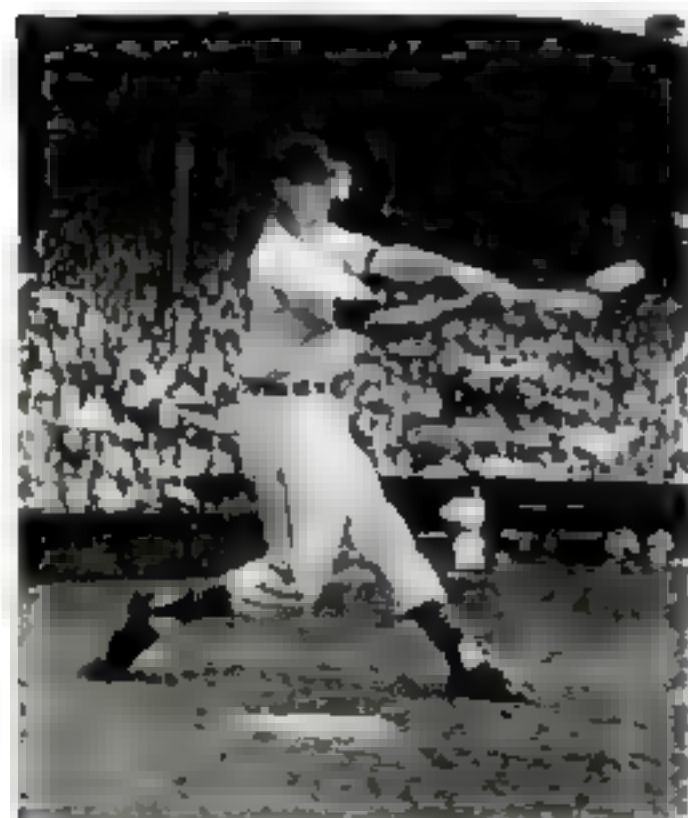
Evers wins two for Detroit against Yankees as Tigers pull ahead of field

In the ninth inning at Detroit with a man on, his team trailing the Yankees 8-9, Walter ("Hoot") Evers, Tiger leftfielder, came to bat and hit the game's 11th home run (*above*). It won the game, put the league-leading Tigers two games ahead of the Yankees. Two days later, with the score 3-3, Evers came up again and clouted another (*below*). This gave Detroit three

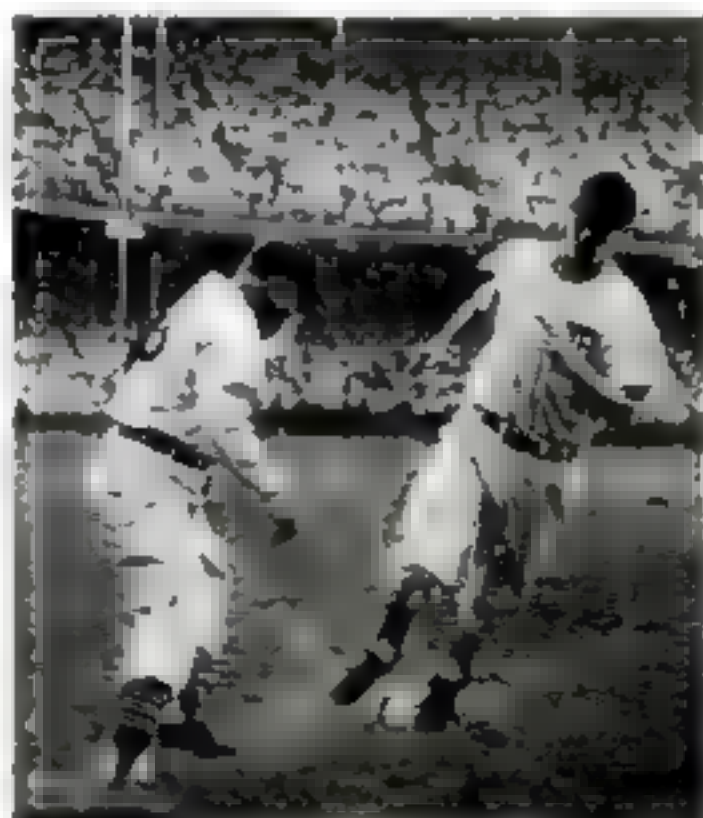
out of four in one of the season's most critical series and put them three games ahead. At mid-season the Yanks were playing like tired businessmen and the Red Sox had new management. But the Tigers, with Evers, Batting Champion George Kell, three other .300 hitters, fine pitching, and sound managing by ex-Yankee Red Rolfe, seemed to be just getting up steam.



MANAGER ROLFE TAKES IT CALMLY



DOING IT AGAIN in the series' last game, Evers hits the ball into stands.



THE TURN at third is taken leisurely as 55,628 screaming fans cheer him on.



THE TALLY completed his big series with three homers, one triple, one double.



WHIRLPOOL BATH relaxes Hoot's tired body after day of base-running.



1902 — the automobile was making its appearance on the roads around Millis, Mass., home of Clicquot Club then and now.

They "automobiled" to a picnic ground and sparkling refreshment

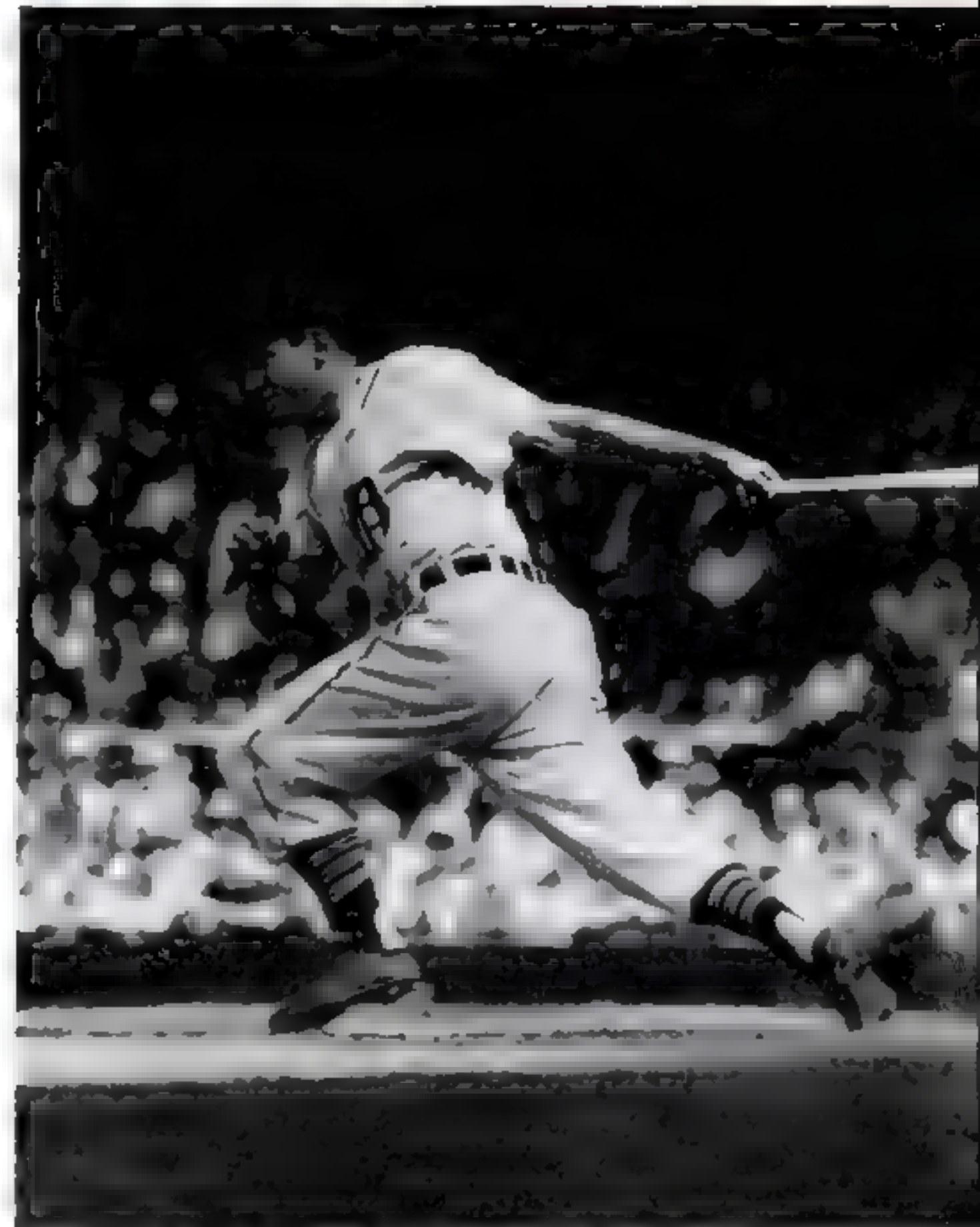
Some of the early "horseless carriages" had wicker hampers attached. And many a bottle of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale rode in those hampers, nested in ice! At that time Clicquot Club was sold around Boston only, but it grew as fast as the automobile, for people knew a good thing when they drank it. Today this fine flavor is the standard of taste-perfection the world over — a ripe, rich, tangy goodness that only Clicquot Club *flavor-aging* achieves. And *all* Clicquot Club beverages bubble longer . . . for they're carbonated ice-cold to put more sparkle into every drop.



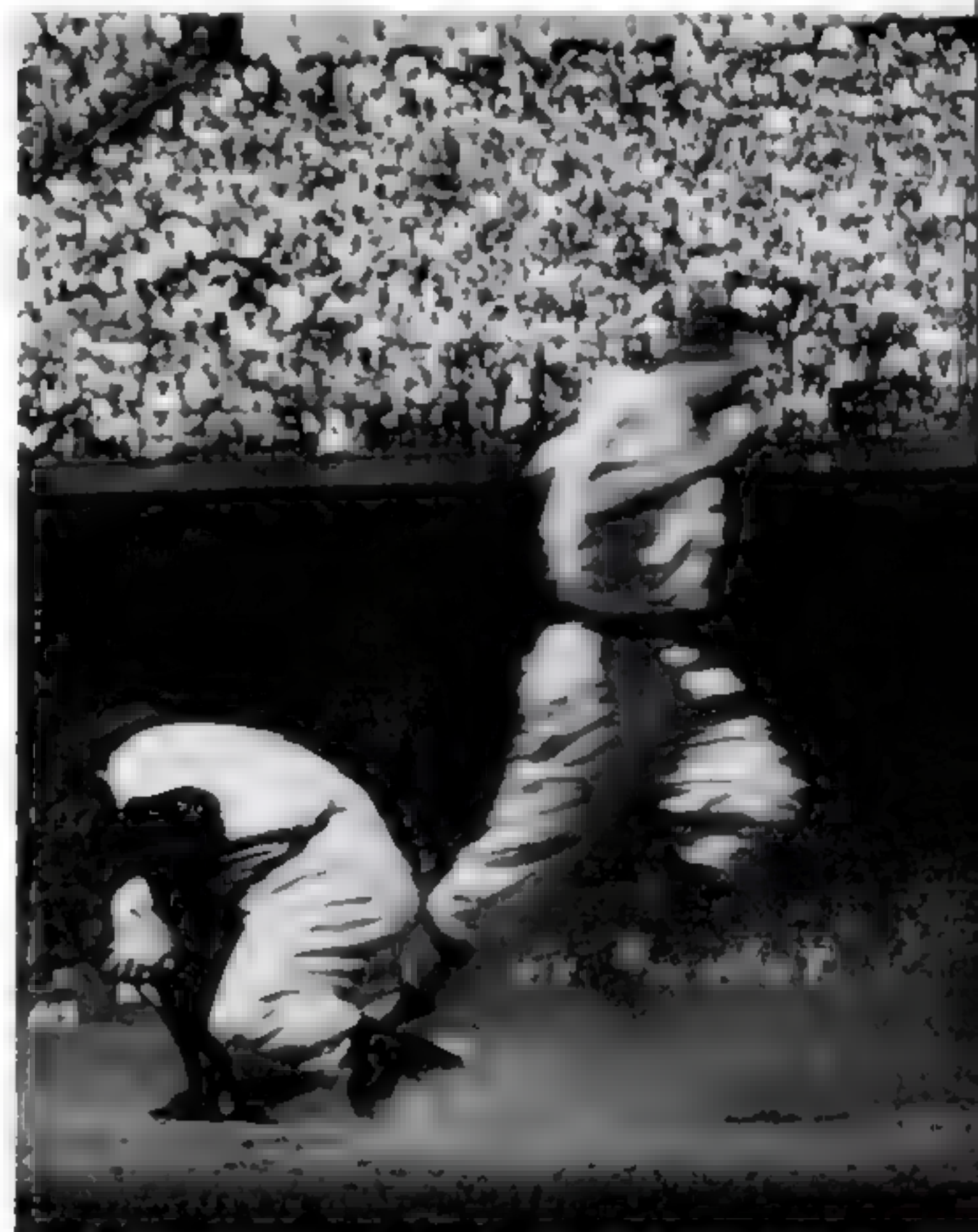
GINGER ALE • SPARKLING WATER

Try these and other Clicquot Club flavors. They're delicious!

ORANGE COLA ROOT BEER GRAPE



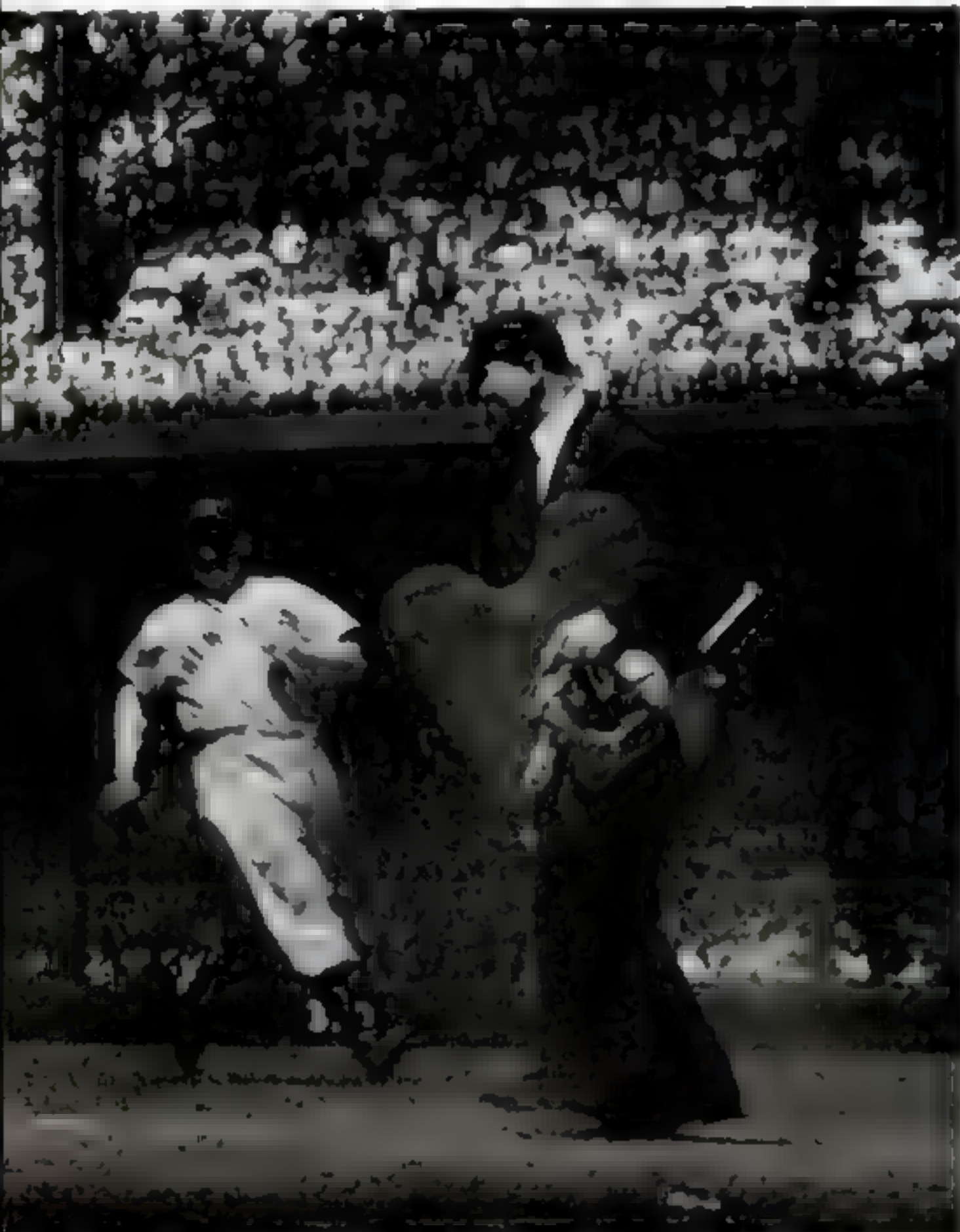
HEAD MAN of the Detroit Tigers, third baseman George Kell, springs toward first base after lashing out a sharp single. Last year's American League batting champion with an average of .3429, he is leading again this year with



ALERT BASE-RUNNING on another single enables Kell to take advantage of two Yankee errors and come all the way home. At 27, Arkansas-born Kell is a shining example of persistence. A skinny kid who batted .268 in his

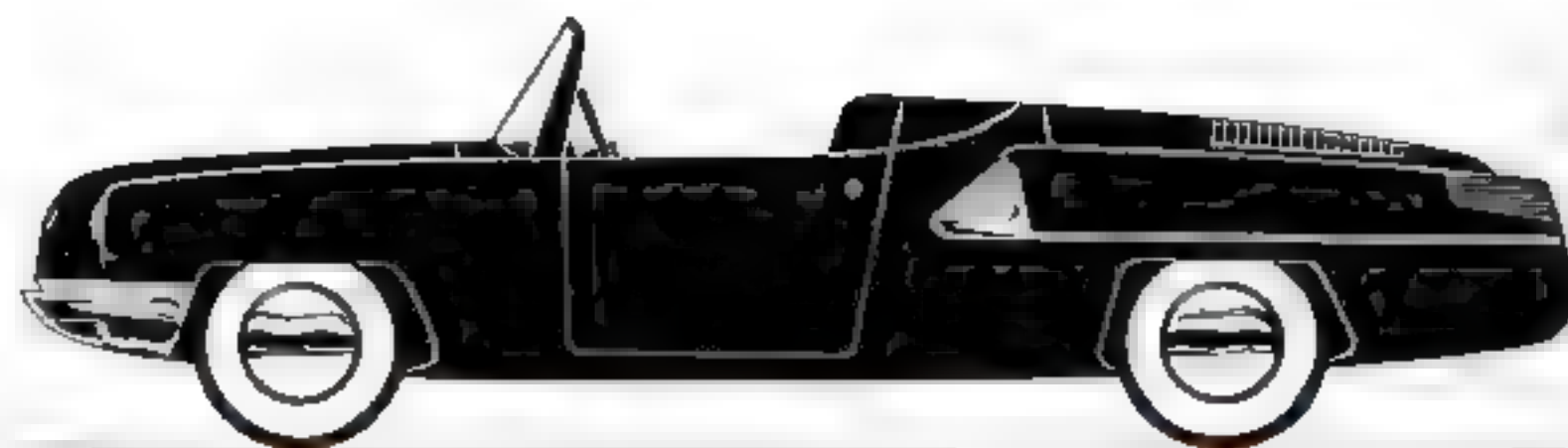


370. Everybody agrees that Kell is baseball's best third baseman, and lately his numerous talents are getting due recognition. In the balloting for 1950's All Star team, he is leading Ted Williams and Joe DiMaggio in total votes.



first full year in the big leagues, he has worked painstakingly to improve both his physique and batting. "He places his hits," says a teammate. "He can hit more balls within two inches of opposing fielders than any batter I ever saw."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Three-Seater Convertible with Rear Engine, by Donald Desky Associates

FOUND WHEREVER FINE CARS TRAVEL



NEW VEEDOL

100% BRADFORD PENNSYLVANIA
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MOTOR OIL

When the finest lubricating crude oils known to man—the expensive crudes from Bradford, Pennsylvania—are processed by the most modern methods known to petroleum science, the result is New VEEDOL Motor Oil. That is why men who know fine motors insist on VEEDOL's modern 100% Pennsylvania "Film of Protection".



WARNING!

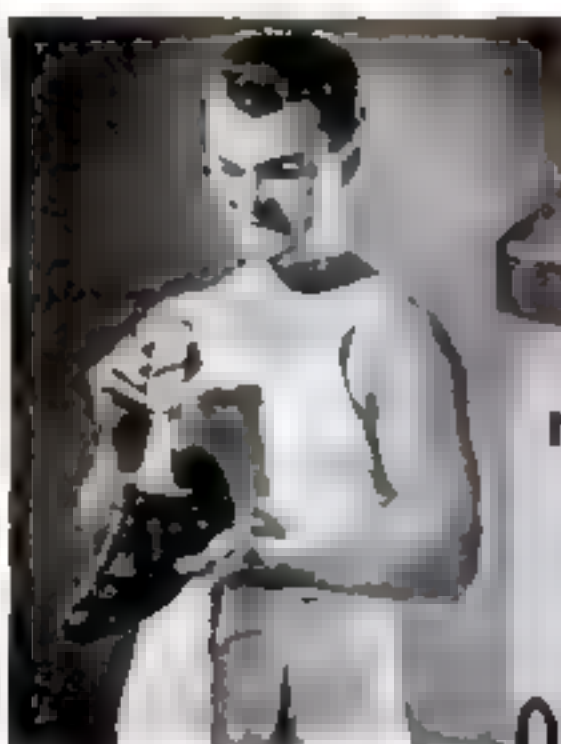
**YOU MAY HAVE
ATHLETE'S FOOT
WITHOUT KNOWING IT!**

(Over 70% are infected yearly)



9 out of 10 get complete relief!

Athlete's Foot can be agony, attacks fast in summer! Hot damp shoes, public swimming, outdoor sports expose you to infection. At first sign of cracks, peeling, itching between toes, use Quinsana. Recommended by most chiropodists... Quinsana's antiseptic action checks the growth of Athlete's Foot fungi. No wonder so many rely on effective Quinsana—the largest selling Athlete's Foot Powder!



For daily foot protection, shake Quinsana on feet. Shake it in shoes to help absorb perspiration. So cooling, soothing! Amazing relief for tired, burning feet. Count on Quinsana to help combat foot odor, too!

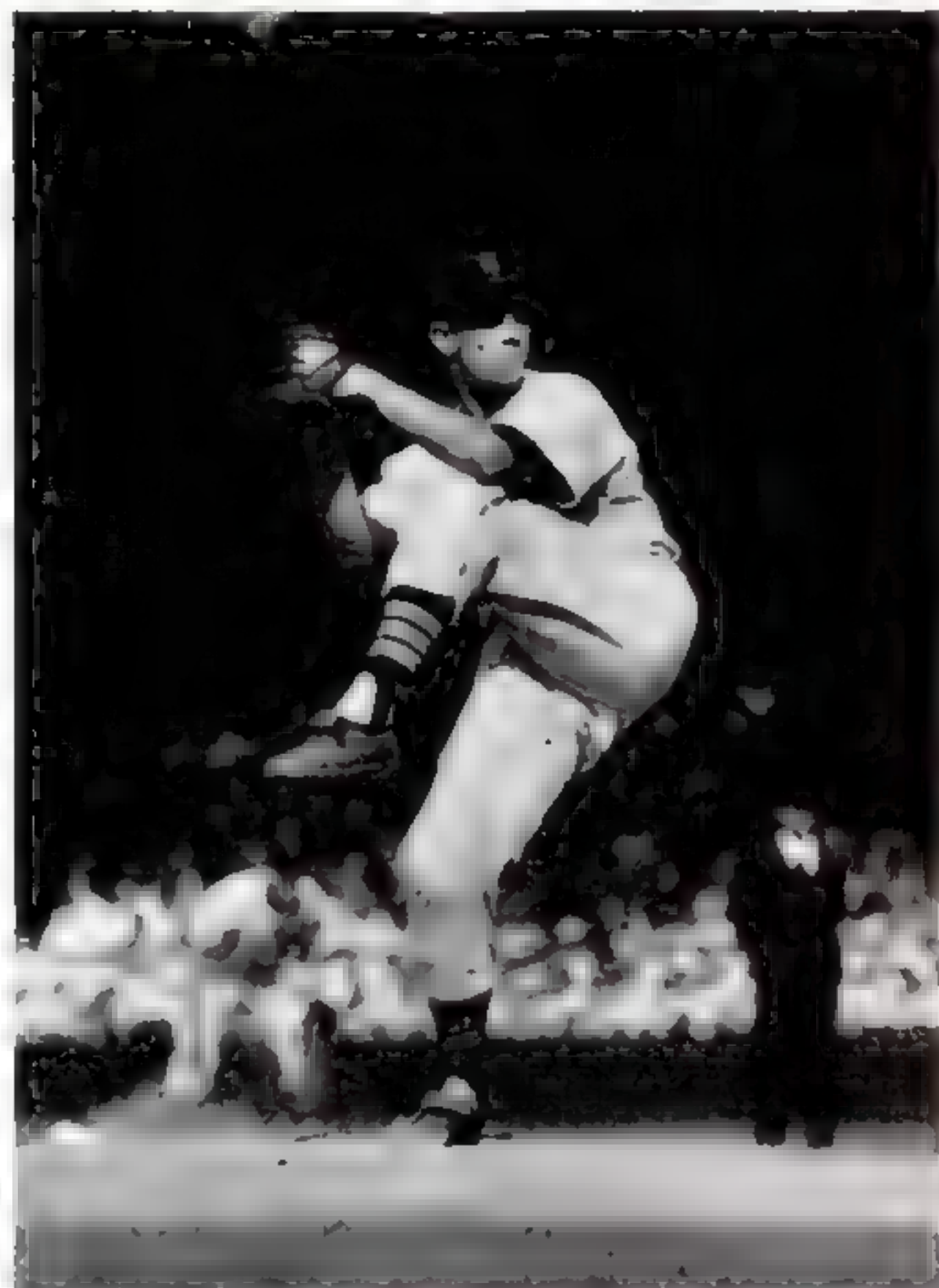
Easy-to-use... no mess, no stains. So help your feet to health and comfort. Use fast-acting Mennen Quinsana—every day. The whole family will love it!

Costs so little... feels so good! only 49¢

Detroit Baseball CONTINUED



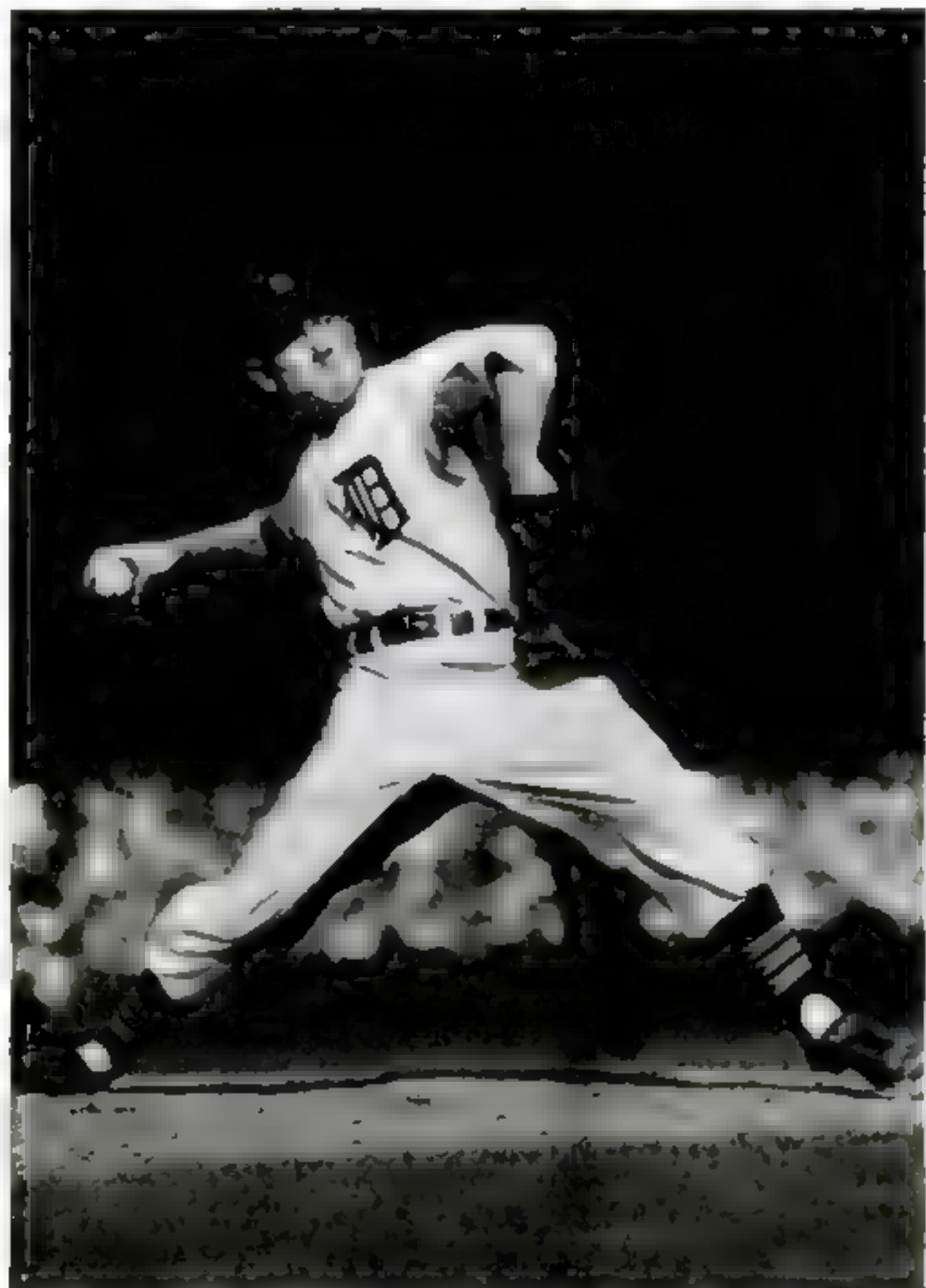
DETROIT'S .300 CLUB, leaning nonchalantly on bats before using them against the Yankees, is main reason for the Tigers' success. Four of 11 members



YOUNG PITCHER Art Houtteman, 22, pride of Tiger staff, has won nine and lost five, is rated the league's best young right-hander by enemy batters.



(left to right) are George Kell, .370; Shortstop John Ligon, .332; Leftfielder Evers, .354; Rightfielder Vic Wertz, .311; Centerfielder Johnny Groth, .312.



VETERAN PITCHER Fred Hutchinson, 31, a Detroit mainstay, has won eight, lost four. Every starting pitcher has won more games than he has lost.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Hi-C

The **WHOLESOME** Family Drink!

Its refreshing
Fresh Orange
Tang



makes you Glad
you're Thirsty!

Drink all
you want

... it's enriched
with Vitamin C

These summer days... keep plenty of delicious Hi-C in your refrigerator. Children love its *fresh orange tang*. Grownups love it, too.

So Delicious... So Wholesome. And no wonder. Hi-C is made from juicy, tree-ripened oranges. It's enriched with Vitamin C and dextrose. One 8-oz. glass gives you 30 milligrams of Vitamin C—daily minimum requirement for an adult.

Just chill and pour... Hi-C is a ready-to-serve drink. Always ready for the picnic basket... for guests who drop in... for summer's many "thirsty" moments. Best of all, you can let the whole family (even the youngest of them) drink all they want. Hi-C is not carbonated.

Your Grocer has Hi-C—the original orangeade in handy cans, in two sizes: a big, economical 46-oz. can, serving 8 or more... a 12-oz. can, just right for two. Better buy Hi-C by the case—or you'll wish you had.



Hi-C

Non Carbonated...
Ready to Serve...
Economical!
(96 big glasses per case!)

Another Clinton Foods Product... Packers of Famous **Snow Crop**

FOR BEST RESULTS:
shave with **Barbasol**



**Barbasol means
smooth, easy sailing
through the
toughest beard!**



**No brush
No lather
No rub-in**

It's no sea story! Barbasol's special ingredients really wilt whiskers fast. They take the wind out of the wiriest beards for close, clean, comfortable shaves that last all day. And Barbasol does the job without drying the skin, as soapy lathers do. (In fact, it helps protect your face against sunburn, windburn and chafing.) So here's the welcome word, mates: Barbasol shaves look good, they feel good—and Barbasol is good for your skin. Try it next time you shave!

Use it also for soothing relief of sunburn, windburn, insect bites and itching.



**Avoid Athletic Aroma
use BARZ
Lotion Deodorant**

Detroit Baseball **CONTINUED**

THE LADIES LOVE THE TIGERS



THREE YOUNG FANS, members of most vociferous female rooting section west of Brooklyn, watch grimly as Yanks tie game, jump ecstatically at Hoot Evers' big home run, relax in goggle-eyed relief as victory seems sure.

Bring back the happy days in movies you make yourself



A day at the beach . . . who you were with, what you did, the fun you had . . . it all comes back in movies you make yourself.



A day at the beach is good company. Dear friends live again in movies . . . the characteristic gestures, the smiles, the mannerisms.



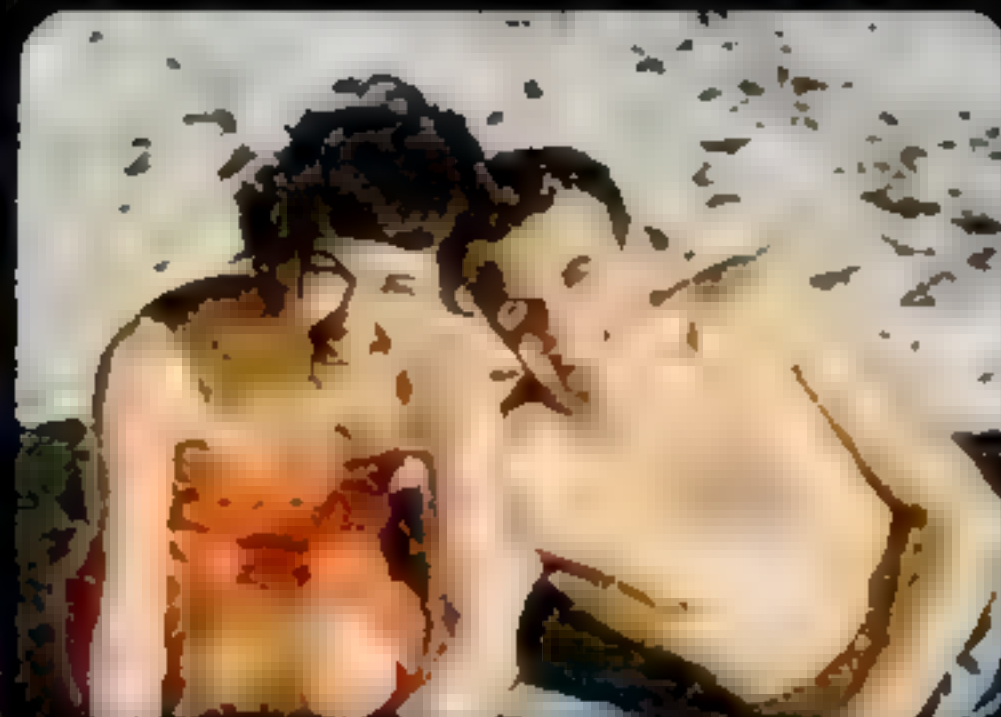
A day at the beach is a color-splashed day. Movies catch the blue sky, the green surf, the bright suits, the gay umbrellas.



A day at the beach is a romp . . . movies capture all the fun, all the action; the day comes back to you—gay, bright, alive



A day at the beach is a first-time movie maker delightedly discovering that movies are simple as snapshots. Everyone gets beauties right off.



A day at the beach is something to remember . . . and movie cameras are everywhere; a million and more families make movies today.



A day at the beach is over all too soon; but the fun lives on in movies; movies that cost, incidentally, a lot less than you think!

The little movie you see on this page . . . made into seven full-length scenes in full color . . . need cost no more than a dollar. (Film processing cost included!)

Camera cost is well within reach, too; Kodak has a new economy 8mm. movie camera, Cine-Kodak Reliant Camera, and most Kodak dealers offer time payments. See all the Kodak movie cameras at your dealer's. There's one just right for every family . . .

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



Cine-Kodak Reliant Camera (8mm.), \$79. Fast f/2.7 lens, built-in exposure guide, slow motion, too! (With f/1.9 lens, \$97.50.) Prices include Federal Tax

Kodak
TRADE MARK

MOBILGAS GRAND Mobilg CAN INCREASE YOUR

31 Different Makes and
Models of Cars Average

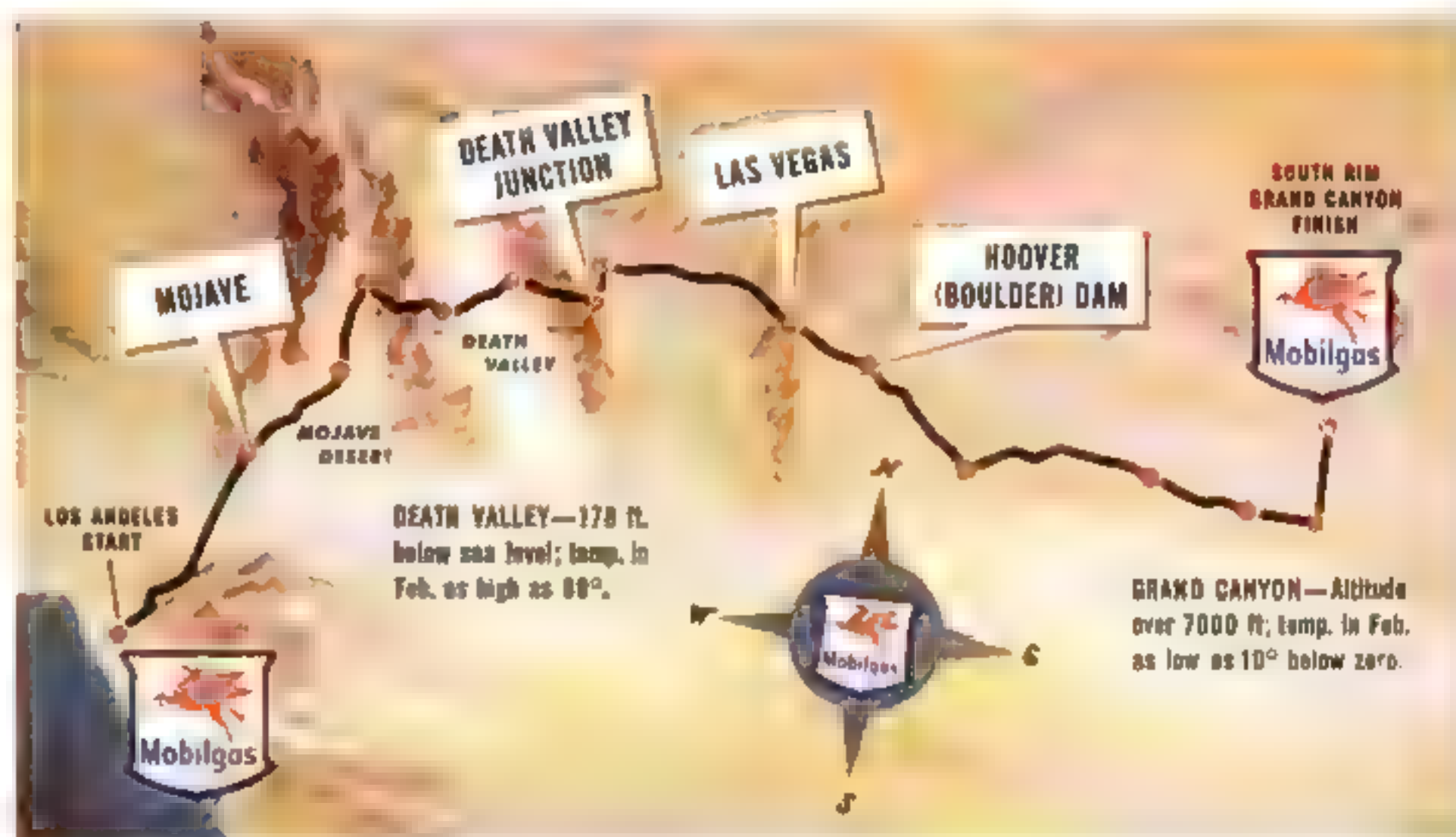
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**Miles Per Gallon
in
Grueling Test Run!**

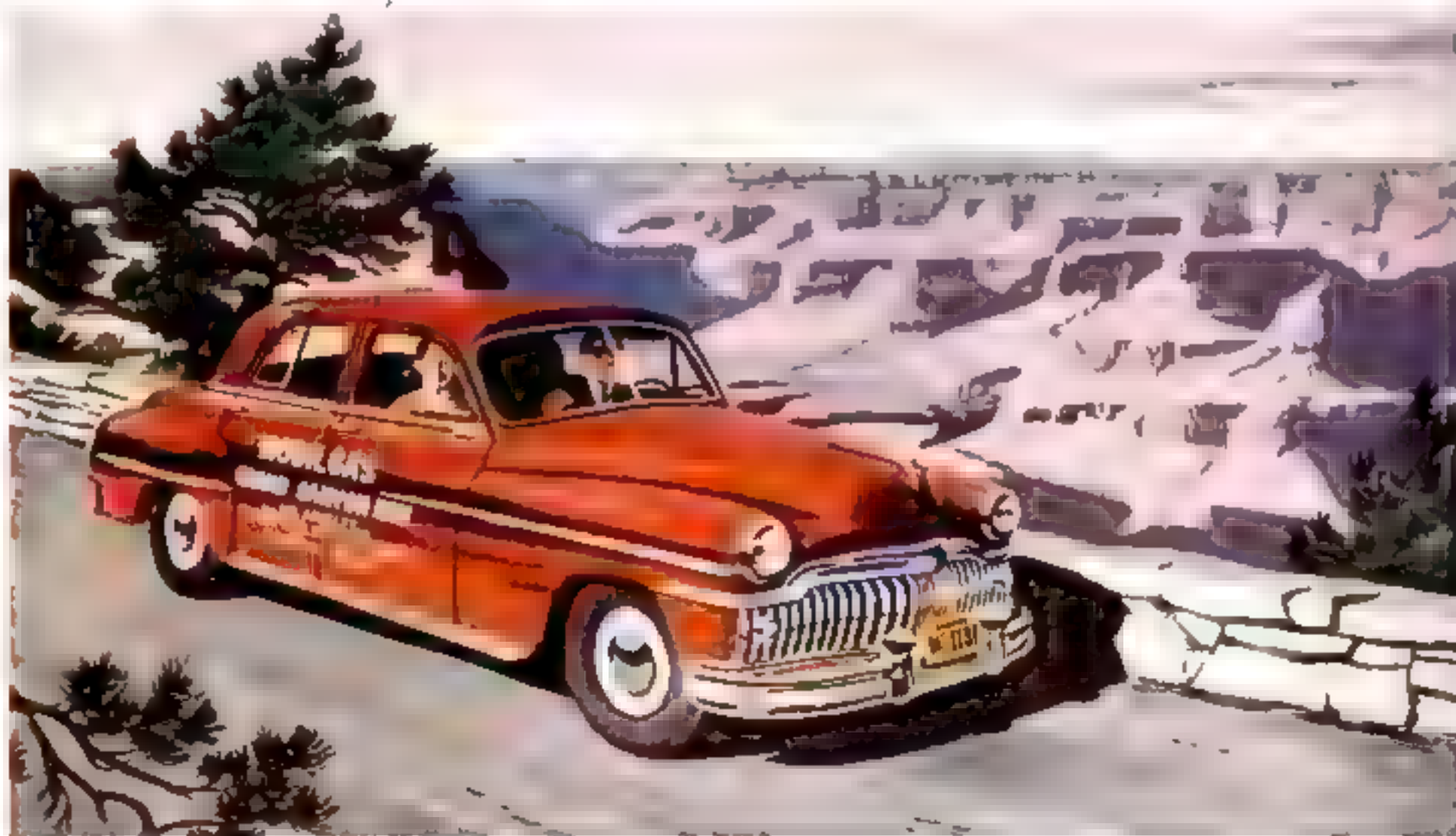
The sensational economy records of these stock cars, driven by amateur drivers over a rugged 751-mile course, observing legal speed limits, reveal that practically every car—your *own* car—is capable of improved mileage if you will:

- keep it in tip-top shape with Mobil-Care ...
- fuel it with Mobilgas or Mobilgas Special ...
- lubricate it regularly with Mobiloil ...
- and drive carefully!

Read the facts, then see your Mobilgas Dealer!



Starting at Los Angeles, this topographical map shows the grueling course—selected because it combines substantially every driving condition you would encounter in a full year—packed into 2 days! Object was to test economy performance of Mobilgas, Mobiloil, Mobilubrication and your modern car.



Climaxing at Grand Canyon with amazing economy average of 22.074 miles per gallon! Dramatic proof of the outstanding performance built into modern cars—and into Mobilgas, Mobilgas Special, Mobiloil, Mobilgrease, and Mobil Freezone!

CANYON RUN PROVES

as

*Plus Good Car Care
And Good Driving*

CAR'S GAS MILEAGE !



Cars traveled from below sea level at Death Valley to an altitude of over 7,000 feet at Grand Canyon—crossed deserts, climbed mountains where temperatures range from tropic heat to arctic cold.



Via Boulder Dam—they drove 335 miles of mountain roads, 355 miles of level highway, 61 miles of city streets—and every one of 31 stock cars came through brilliantly—serviced regularly according to rigid AAA specifications . . .

Continually NEW!

THE Mobilgas and Mobilgas Special used in the Mobilgas Grand Canyon Run have been improved in quality 17 times just since the war to meet demands of continuous Consumer Surveys, Vehicle Requirement Surveys, continuous New Car Testing.

Why not find out for yourself what fine gasoline quality, good car care and good driving can mean in improved economy from your own car?

Fill up with America's Favorite!

*EXCEPTIONAL Road Performance
with ECONOMY*



See Your Mobilgas Dealer

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

There's nothing like it ... absolutely nothing

Good sport and fast action . . . and finally complete relaxation. Complete is right, too, with a glass of golden Budweiser at your side. Above that snowcap of creamy foam hovers a bouquet beyond imitation. In every drop of Budweiser is the distinctive taste that has made it the world's most famous beer. Live life, every golden minute of it. Enjoy Budweiser, every golden drop of it.

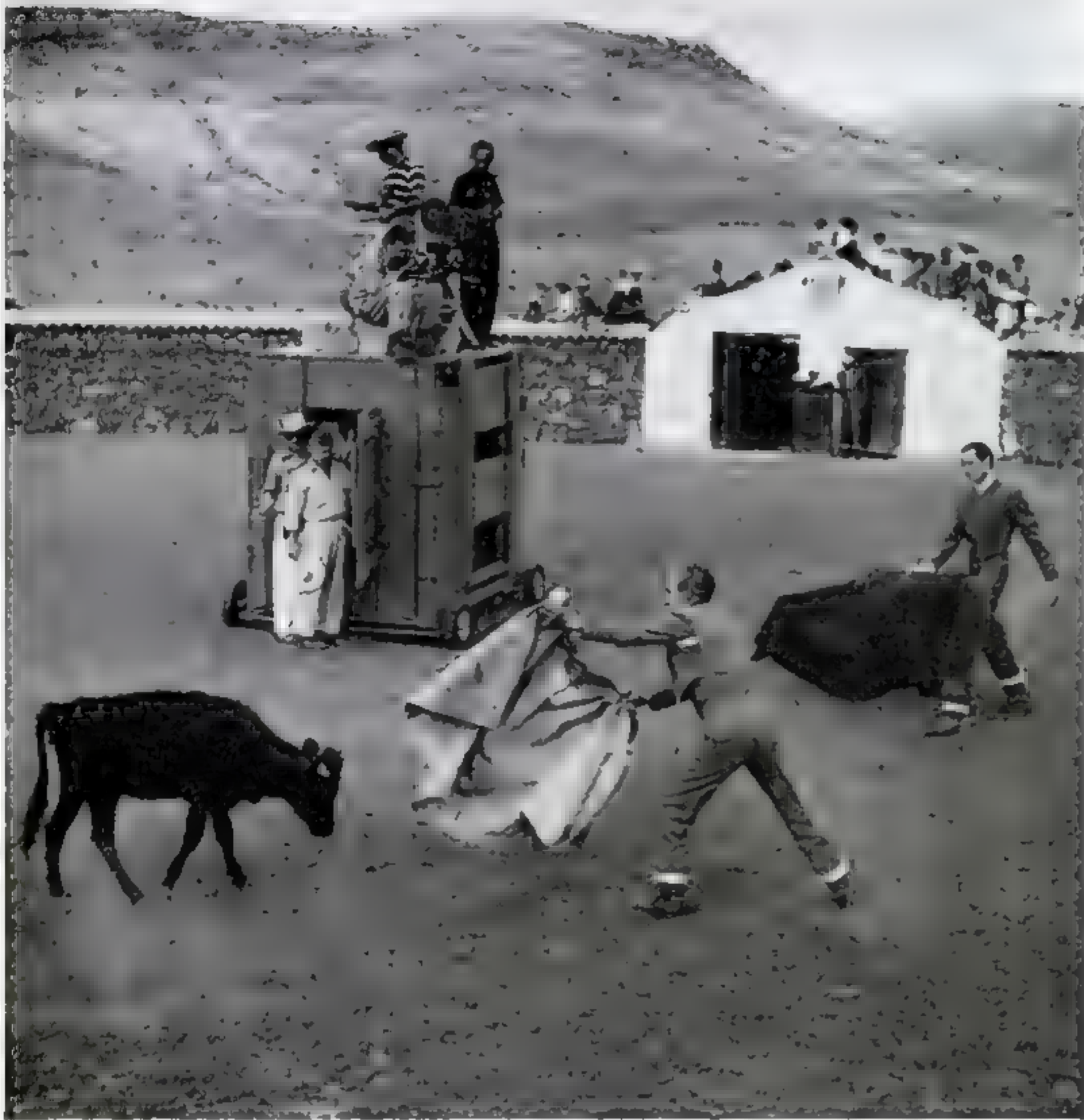
ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
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Budweiser
LAGER BEER

Harry F. Foyberg





DIRECTOR ROSSEN AND CAMERAMEN LOOK ON FROM SAFETY AS MEL FERRER (RIGHT) GETS SOME EXPERT COACHING

THE MAKING OF A MOVIE MATADOR

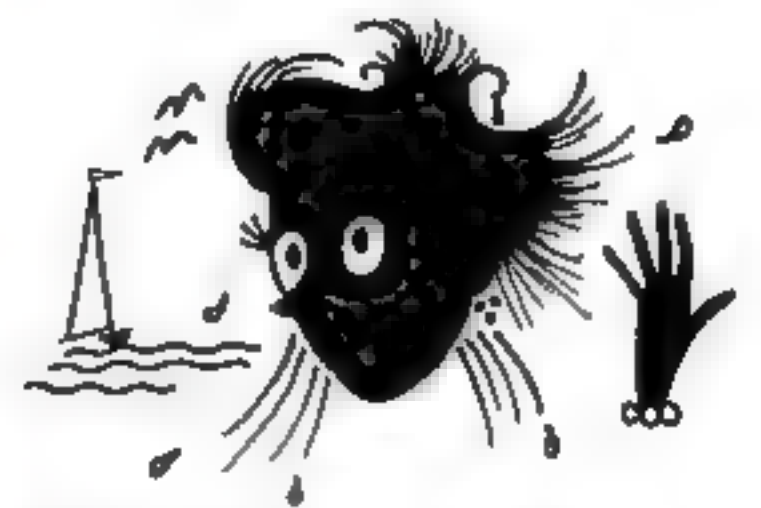
Mel Ferrer learns an ancient and bloody art for role in "The Brave Bulls"

When Producer-Director-Writer Robert Rossen (*All the King's Men*) decided to film Tom Lea's novel *The Brave Bulls* (LIFE, July 11, 1949), his principal problem was to find an actor who would look genuine in the bull ring. He settled on Mel Ferrer, star of last year's *Lost Boundaries*, who turned his Spanish ancestry to good use. Ferrer got so he could twirl his cape prettily and look fairly professional on film, though he never grew to be too handy with live opposition.

Rossen had other problems. One was to keep himself and his camera crew unscathed while in proximity to cantankerous bulls; the movable wooden fortress above took care of that. Another was the fact that, though Hollywood can get away with almost any form of mayhem on humans, let one hand be raised against a brute beast and down comes a thunder of protests from the American Humane Association. He hopes to avoid this by skilful cutting, which will give the film a smell of blood without actually showing a bull being killed; and to distract all but the most implacable animal lovers, he cast as leading lady one of Mexico's prettiest young actresses, Miroslava (cover and p. 58).



THOROUGHLY COACHED, Ferrer takes evasive action as small but determined opponent bears down on him. Even so he got into trouble, had to be rescued by instructor.



Hair all wet?



Hair all sandy?



Whip out your Ace



And you'll look dandy

Caress your tresses
with

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HARD RUBBER
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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Get this Jergens fingertip Dispenser Free with 50¢ Jergens Lotion

Now keep beauty on hand all day with the new, quick Fingertip Dispenser!

Tap — tap — out comes just the right amount of Jergens Lotion, bringing smoothing loveliness to your hands. This quick beauty moisture keeps hands wonderfully soft before and after every household chore!

Jergens, you know, is the lotion that contains skin-smoothing ingredients used by many doctors. It's preferred by more women than any other hand care in the world.

The Jergens Fingertip Dispenser is so convenient for kitchen, bedroom, nursery, bath. There's no top to unscrew, no chance of spilling. Use it over and over, with each new 50¢ bottle of Jergens Lotion.

During this offer, the Fingertip Dispenser costs you nothing. You get it as Jergens free* gift, with every 50¢ bottle of Jergens Lotion. Both cost you only 45¢, plus tax.

Your favorite cosmetic counter is featuring this Jergens beauty bargain today!

*Your money back!

Buy this offer. Use Jergens Lotion for two weeks. If not delighted, mail back to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio. They'll return your money. Keep the Fingertip Dispenser as your free gift.

The Jergens Lotion beauty bargain now on sale

both
for only **45¢**
plus tax



Movie Matador CONTINUED



TRAINING for role as matador, Ferrer starts to perform a *ganera*, a showy swirl of the cape which makes the bull swerve past the bullfighter. Pepe Luis Vasquez, a real bullfighter and technical adviser for the film, plays the bull.



PRACTICING as a picador (one of the men on horseback who jab sharp lances into the muscles of the bull's neck, forcing him to lower his head for the matador's fatal sword thrust), Ferrer rides forlornly around the bull ring.



ENTERING the bull ring at San Miguel de Allende with three genuine matadors, Ferrer (right) struts forward in proper style. His *traje de luces* (gold-encrusted "suit of lights") and parade cape were imported from Spain for film.



CHAMPION

Its Quality and Dependability have
kept it First in Public Preference
for Over a Quarter Century!



BE A CHAMPION DRIVER . . . *Good Manners Make Good Drivers*



It's against the law, discourteous and downright dangerous not to dim or depress your lights. Good manners dictate dimming your lights first!



The driver who hogs the road by straddling the center highway line is a public menace. Common courtesy will prevent accidents here, as elsewhere.



Champion drivers keep their cars in tip-top shape by having their spark plugs checked regularly, and insisting on Champions when new ones are needed.

Listen to the CHAMPION BOLL CALL . . . Harry Warner's fast sportscast every Friday night, over the ABC network . . . CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Amazing Shampoo Guaranteed Not to Rob Hair of Natural Oils

*Doesn't destroy precious oils nature
provides to make hair...*



PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

Shasta does not rob hair of its natural oils. Leaves hair looking its loveliest. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or your money back.



Nature provides its own natural oils to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy. Without these natural oils, hair may become dry, lifeless and brittle. New, improved Shasta is the amazing shampoo *guaranteed* not to rob hair of these precious oils nature provides to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy.

Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, more beautifully groomed, under Shasta's magic-like touch. So, to see your hair looking its loveliest, get new, improved Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.

NEW, IMPROVED
SHASTA beauty cream **SHAMPOO**

Doesn't rob hair of natural oils

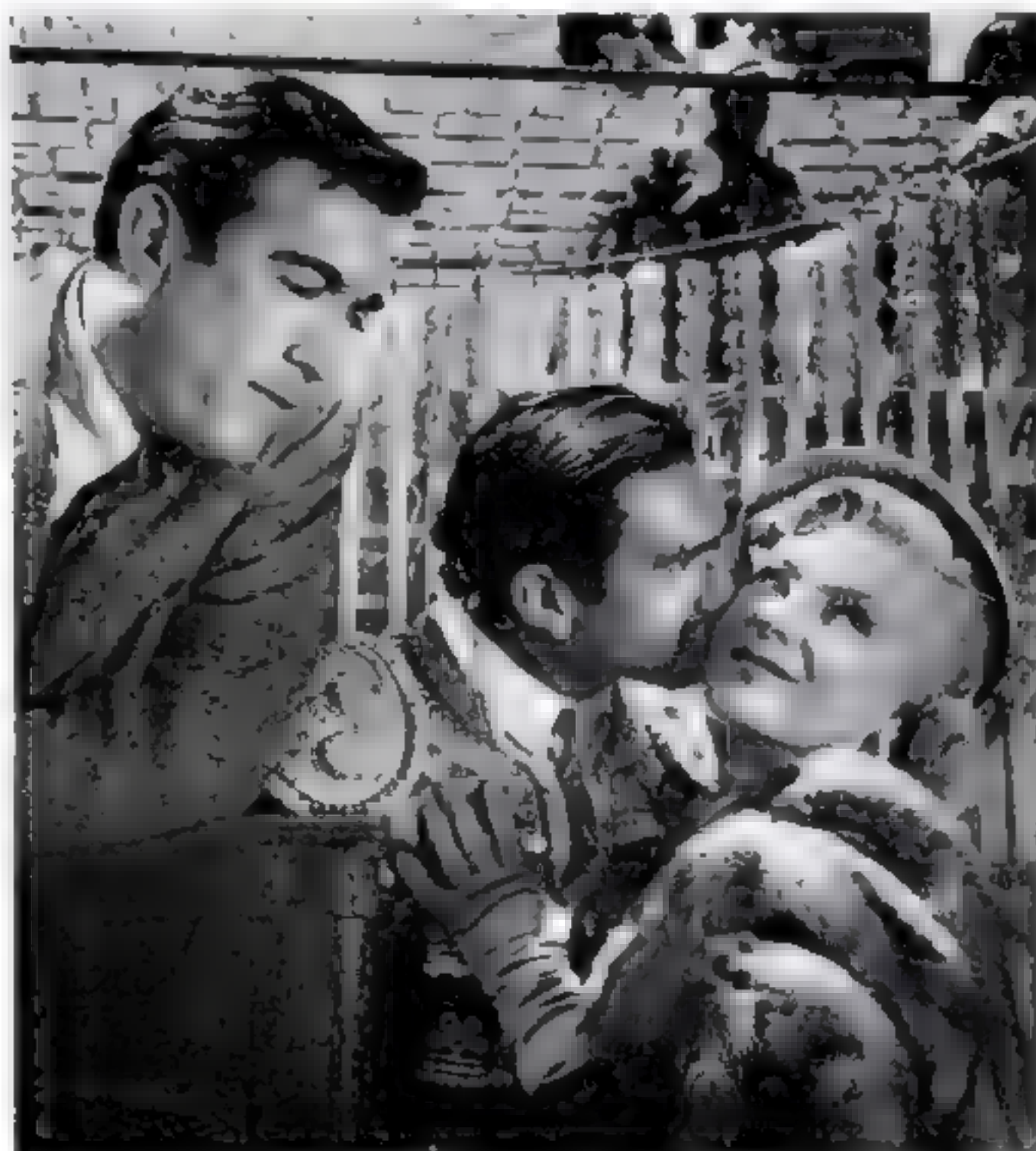
Movie Matador CONTINUED



MIROSLAVA AT WORK embraces Ferrer in the film. She plays a heartless Mexican aristocrat who two-times the matador by making love to his manager.

MEET MISS MIROSLAVA

After his success in introducing Mercedes McCambridge in his prize-winning *All the King's Men*, Producer Rossen was anxious to get another high-spirited unknown into *The Brave Bulls*. After turning down more than 40 candidates, he found something to his liking in Miroslava, an actress born in Czechoslovakia, who shows below and on *LIFE's* cover some of the qualities which have made her a hit in 10 Mexican films.



MIROSLAVA AT PLAY receives a friendly kiss from Paco Rodriguez, a genuine bullfighter who doubled for Ferrer in dangerous scenes in the bull ring.

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Shakti

A brand new discovery by world-famous Coty!
A fabulous new powder with an exciting scent
all its own—a fragrance which mysteriously
blends with and enhances any other fragrance
you wear! Plus a miraculous ingredient which
keeps you exquisitely dainty from head-to-toe
—stops perspiration odor before it starts! These
delights await your discovery of SHAKTI, a new
kind of Fragrant Protection.

Accept SHAKTI as a gift with any of these COTY BATH PREPARATIONS!

You can have two weeks' supply of SHAKTI
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absorbs moisture—makes your
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Smart...Rugged...and



You could pay \$1,000 more and still not get all the new beauty... extra roominess... famous dependability of this big 1950 Dodge

ALL OVER America motorists are discovering the BIGGER VALUE built into the new, 1950 Dodge... smart, comfort-packed, more dependable than ever.

Dodge design gives you a car that's HIGHER, WIDER, LONGER on the inside. This means a wonderful kind of roominess—for your head, for your legs, for the broadest shoulders. None of that "cooped up" feeling in a Dodge!

Yet on the outside, Dodge is a sleek, compact car. SHORTER, NARROWER for easier parking, easier handling in

traffic. LOWER silhouette for new and truly functional beauty lines.

When it comes to performance—you'll be thrilled with the surging power of the Dodge high-compression engine... its flashing pick-up. You'll love, too, the velvet-smooth starts and stops you get with glycol Fluid Drive.

And you can't match Dodge dependability—Dodge economy. No wonder owners agree that Dodge today is the BIGGEST DOLLAR VALUE money can buy! Prove it yourself! Ask your Dodge dealer for a "Magic Mile" Ride—today!

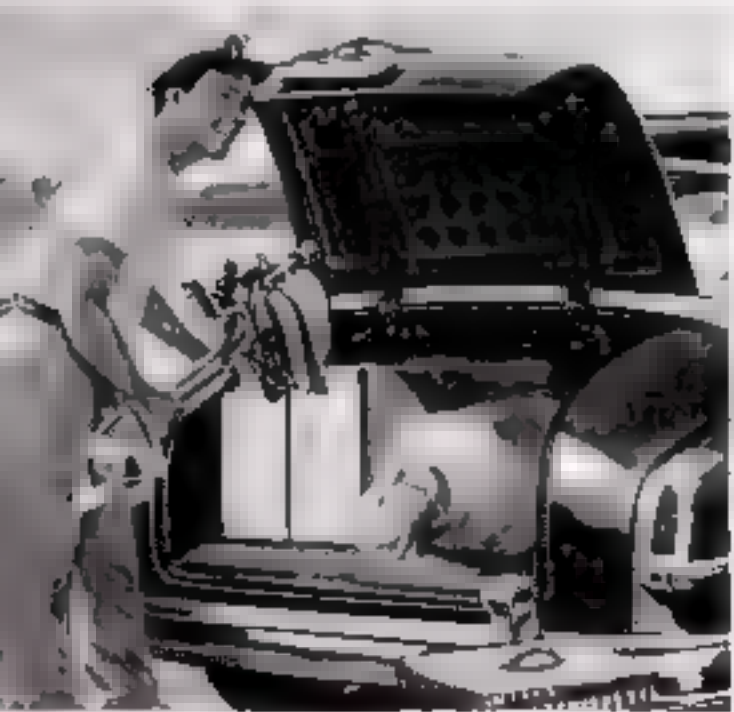
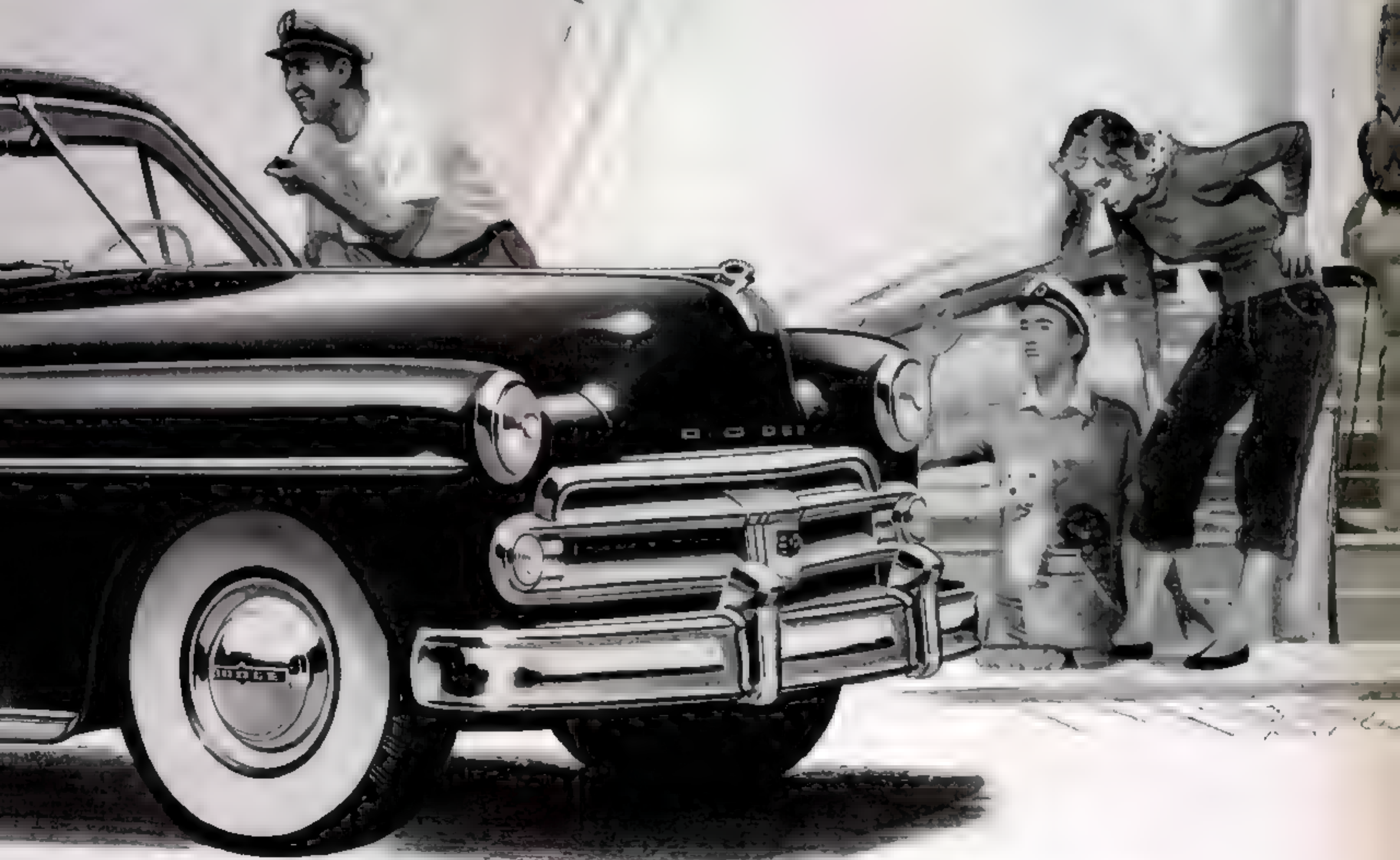


EASY TO STEP IN! You can step right in because Dodge doors open w-i-d-e. No awkward twisting, no squirming... no bumping your head. Arm rests are on doors. No need to climb over them when you get in or out of car.



SO ROOMY INSIDE! Dodge beauty doesn't sacrifice room inside! For all its graceful lines, Dodge gives you more head room, shoulder room and leg room... plus leg supporting comfort of Dodge "Knee-Level" Seats.

Loaded with Value!



SPACE TO SPARE! How convenient to have a luggage compartment that's really big. Plenty of usable space for family errands, business or vacation trips. Spare tire easily accessible without unloading the compartment.



HUGE NEW PICTURE WINDOW in rear not only gives safer rear-view vision, but makes the roomy Dodge interior seem even more spacious! A beauty feature that adds much to your motor-ing pleasure—much to your safety.

New Bigger Value

DODGE

Just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars

GYRO-MATIC

Enjoy the driving ease, the freedom from shifting you get with the world's lowest-priced automatic transmission.





ARTIST stands in New Jersey with painting of New York (background).

JOHN MARIN

AMERICA'S FAMOUS MASTER OF MODERN ART IS WIZARD OF WATERCOLORS



EARLY MARIN etching of Chartres Cathedral was done in realistic style.

At Venice this summer, where 1950's most important international exhibit of contemporary art is being held, the American section of the show has devoted half its gallery space to the work of a wrinkled, spry little man who looks like a combination of a Yankee lobsterman and an old fairy-tale wizard. He is John Marin, who is recognized throughout the world as the master of U.S. art.

Like Winslow Homer, Marin portrays the excitement of his native country in watercolors. His scenes of the Maine coast, sailing ships and towering city skylines are never entirely realistic yet never unrecognizably abstract. They are glimpses into a single moment—the jostling of a city mob or the whipping of the wind through a schooner's rigging.

The son of a New Jersey businessman, Marin began his career by doing realistic etchings like that at left. In 1909 he met Alfred Stieglitz, the famous

photographer and pioneer in the cause of modern art. Sponsored by Stieglitz, Marin grew rich and prominent, receiving up to \$5,000 apiece for watercolors which took him a half-hour to dash off.

Despite his wealth Marin lives most of the year in a drab little stucco home at Cliffside Park, N.J. with his son, who runs his affairs. Out painting, he cuts a singular figure with his 1912-styled suit, his flowing cravat and flaring hair. As he works, he squints and snorts, attacking his picture with both hands (he is ambidextrous). He dips his brush into a whisky bottle full of water and when he misplaces his brushes—which is often—he uses a stick, a rag or his fingers. He figures that since 1908 he has produced 1,700 paintings, an average of 40 a year, and has made the frames for most of them as well. But now, at the age of 79, he is beginning to taper off from the ripe days when, during one summer in Maine, he painted 100.



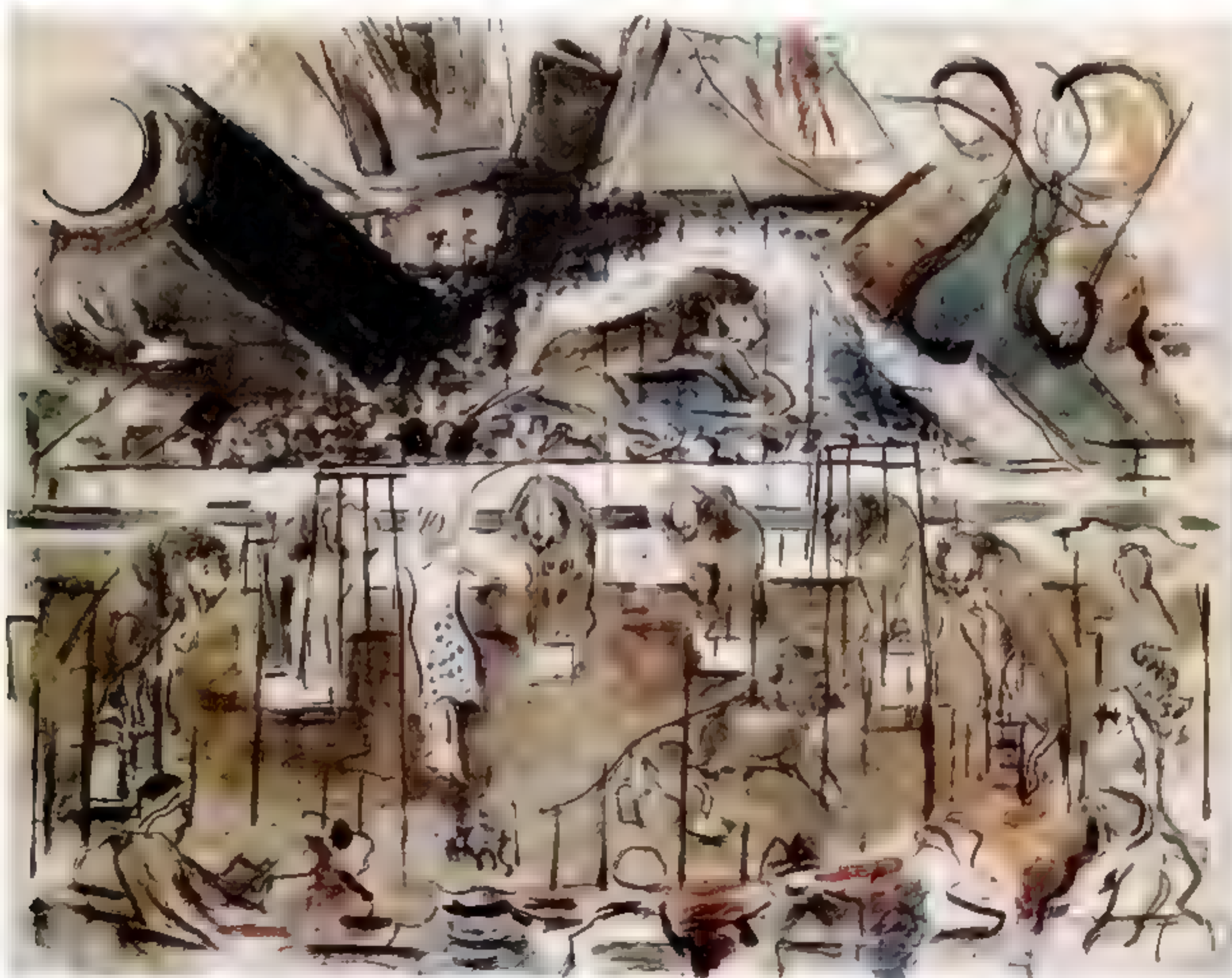
BOAT AND SEA, 1827, is an experiment in catching dazzling summer light. **Turner** put in two black suns to make a startling contrast with the white sky.

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE is view of Machias, Maine, near **Turner's** summer home. Subject is treated with more realism than is found in most of his work.





CORN DANCE of the Santo Domingo Indians is a ritual Marin saw in New Mexico in 1929. Frenzied movement of natives suggests pattern of an Indian rug.



IN THE RING is a tribute to Marin's favorite form of entertainment in New York. He attends the circus faithfully but says it is not as good as it used to be.



MIDMANHATTAN #2, one of Marin's 100-odd paintings of New York, is his shorthand impression of sharp-angled skyscrapers towering over jostling throngs



"Cooling Off In The Country," by Douglas Crank. All rights reserved. Photo: John A. Jones

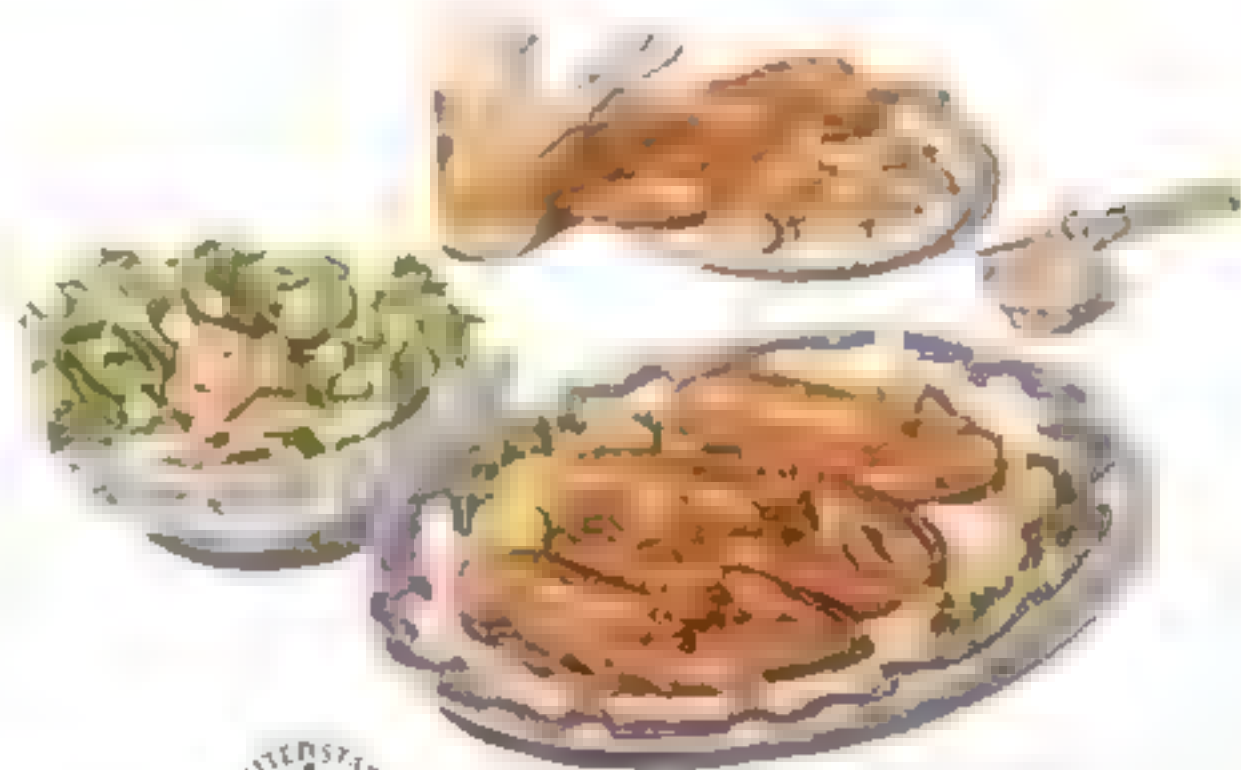
Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

The United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862



At mealtime, too!





BUXOM BALLERINAS, decorated with floral and ornithological motifs, appear in number called *Ballet Burlesque*. The bird in gilded cage (left) is stuffed.

Peep Show

BROADWAY ATTRACTS THE BUMPKINS WITH A BARRELFUL OF BUMPS

You're going to find it hard to keep grandpa down on the farm once he hears what's going on in New York at the Winter Garden. Fellow name of Michael Todd is putting on a *Peep Show*, containing about everything that made grandpa happy on the Midway in Chicago in 1893. There are sound old jokes, acted by old burlesque-show comics. There are jugglers and a ventriloquist, but mostly there are girls, acres and acres of girls

swaying like ripe corn in summer, all with hip bones loose in their sprockets so that they cannot dance or walk or even stand around without going into what they call bumps and grinds. Some city slickers have complained that the entertainment is too low for the \$7.20 top admission although city officials made Todd clean up some numbers. But one act is derived from a Nobel Prize poet, another was written by the King of Siam (p. 70).



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summertime,
too...
there's nothing like a

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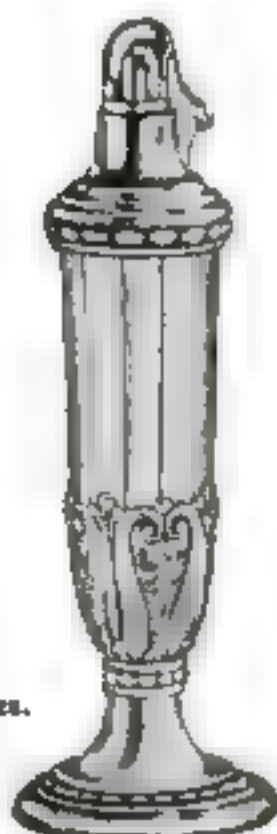
Remember! All lighters work best with Ronsonol Fuel and Ronson Redskin 'Flints'.

Enjoy Ronson's "70 Questions", Sat. nights (Sun. nights, Pacific Coast), Mutual Network.

Press—it's lit! Release—it's out!
Safely out the instant you lift your finger.

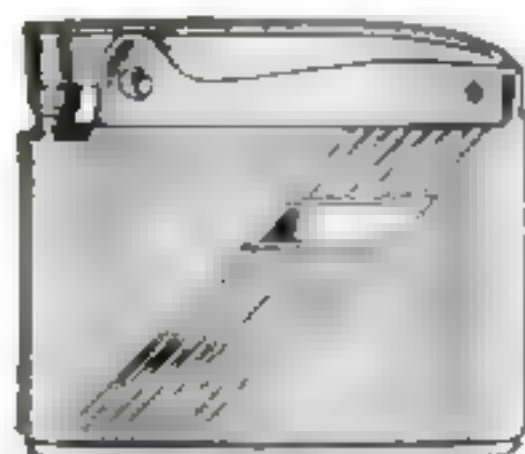


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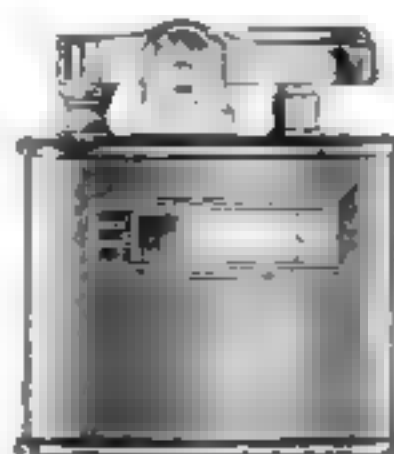


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RONSON JUNO. Handsome tall Table Lighter in heavy silver plate. \$12.50 plus tax. Others from \$8.50



RONSON ADONIS. Slim as a fine watch! Satin finished chromium plate with polished diagonal stripe. \$10



RONSON STANDARD. A trim, compact lighter for pocket or purse. In chromium plate, satin finish. \$6

"PEEP SHOW" CONTINUED



BALLET NUMBER finds the ladies of the ensemble pointing their toes in travesty of classical dancing style while their hips swivel with an audible snap.



FRONT VIEW of couple of chorus girls shows them getting into mood for a number in which they slither around a lumber creature called "The Cat Girl."



One of the critics said that there were so many girls turning up in the show he couldn't figure out how many, even by counting the legs and dividing by two.



REAR VIEW of same was one of features which offended squeamish first-night patrons. But New York City's commissioner of licenses passed the scene.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Now!
End
perspiration
troubles
with the
Safe-and-Sure
deodorant—



ETIQUET ends perspiration odor *safely and surely* —
really checks perspiration! Gives *long-lasting protection*
— yet does not irritate skin . . . does not harm clothing!

FLUFFY-LIGHT and soothing — Etiquet, made by a specially
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luxury "beauty cream" base. Goes on easily, works
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MORE ECONOMICAL — Etiquet won't dry out.
In jars and tubes . . . sizes from 10¢ to 59¢.



New! Etiquet Spray-On deodorant

Now a single spray keeps you dainty all day! So *fast*, so
easy to use, and so *effective*! New Etiquet Spray-On
is made by the patented Etiquet *safe-and-sure* formula.
It comes in a lovely new unbreakable plastic bottle
at an amazingly low price. Economy size 49¢.



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Point of Danger!

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Over-exposure to sun reduces your ability to see about one-third! Eye sensitivity is impaired for hours, sometimes days—sight becomes particularly poor after dark and can cause driving accidents. Eyes weakened by excessive sunlight mean added danger on the job, too. A noted scientist has proved every person is affected this way. The extensive tests showed sun glasses give needed protection! Keep two or three pairs of sun glasses on hand for driving, hiking, bathing beach, and other outdoor fun. Throughout the country you find sun glasses with fine Houze Lenses—Houze Lens experience dates from 1867. Buy sun glasses today!



Wear SUN GLASSES

for comfort and safety



L. J. HOUZE CONVEX GLASS COMPANY, Point Marion, Pa.

"PEEP SHOW" CONTINUED



COCKTAIL PARTY comes to climax with guest squirting soda on psychiatrist's pants, butler (upper right) paying visit to paper hangers on ladder.

POET AND KING GET IN THE ACT

Halfway through the second act of *Peep Show* a number of actors begin to talk in a violently British way ("Need I say more?" "Have you finished?" "Yes." "Then you needn't say more.") The audience has barely time to realize that this is a version of T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* before the guests, the butler and the paper hangers are so soused and noisy that practically no one notices when the bear rug gets up and runs out of the room. Mr. Eliot gets no credit for his indirect contribution to *Peep Show*, but another notable does. He is Rama IX, King of Siam (*LIFE*, May 29), also known as Prince Phumiphon or "Bhumibol," who composed the song *Blue Night* to which the pair (below) do a dance.



ROYAL BEGUINE, *Blue Night*, is danced to Rama's music by gilded Myrtil and Pacaud. Lyrics are said to have been written by king's chamberlain.

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* For over half a century—the symbol of America's Finest Beverages.

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PALE DRY GINGER ALE



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IN SEOUL, KOREAN YOUNGSTERS AND BEARDED PATRIARCHS IN THEIR TRADITIONAL HORSEHAIR HATS AND WHITE KIMONOS TURN OUT TO WATCH A PARADE

KOREA

This strange land has bracing climate and depressing proverbs

Korea is only about the size of Utah, but its population of 30 million, of whom some 20 million live south of the 38th Parallel, makes it the 13th largest nation in the world. Its climate is like that of the Middle Atlantic states except that heavy rains fall throughout July. Similar to Northern Chinese in appearance, the people are taller, less bowlegged, more graceful than the Japanese and rugged—a 5½-foot Korean porter can carry 400 pounds. They have their own language, a 25-letter alphabet and several religions—mainly Christianity, Buddhism, Confucianism and Animism. Christianity has made more headway than in other Oriental countries, there now being some 600,000 converts.

Older Koreans, like the bearded gentlemen above, dress in white, which is the Korean color

of mourning. Once, according to legend, they mourned so many members of the royal family over so long a period that they adopted white permanently. This is a convenience to everyone except the women, each of whom spends some 300 hours a year washing clothes. Married men wear horsehair hats; bachelors go hatless.

The civilization of Korea is old—records of events go back before Christ—and distinctive. Koreans claim to have invented a spinning wheel in 1376, movable metal type in 1392, surveying instruments in 1467, and to have built a suspension bridge 300 years before the Brooklyn Bridge. The country has been often invaded—by Mongols and Manchus among others—and Koreans, instead of having an Independence Day, have observed National Humiliation

Day to recall their sorrow at being subjugated by the Japs in 1910. Too weak to toss the conquerors out, Koreans were also too stubborn to be assimilated; they were thoroughly exploited, but their headstrong patriotism kept alive their reputation as "the Irish of the Orient." They eat a great deal of rice and fish, including raw sea slugs, and are superstitious and fond of music. One of the two national anthems is sung to the tune of *Auld Lang Syne*.

The language contains many fine proverbs, mostly of a sad or apprehensive cast, such as, "Beware of a sword hidden behind a smile," "The flower that blooms in the morning is withered by noon," "A dead premier is worth less than a live dog" and "Pinch yourself and you will know the pain when another feels pinched."



RICH EARTH, BARREN HILLS

Korea is a peninsula, 600 miles long and about 135 miles wide, with a mountain chain running from north to south. The mountains are higher in the northern part, and are heavily snow-covered in the winter. Korea's highway and rail systems form a huge X, with the capital city of

Seoul (pop. one million) in the center. The rich valleys are intensively farmed (vegetables and rice), and the hills have a stark barren look because fuel-hungry Koreans have scraped them bare of trees and bushes for firewood. Rural Korean houses, like those above, are covered with



thatch, which is renewed every year, and many have radiant heating—heat from wood fires is circulated through pipes under floors.

Heavy industry and hydroelectric power are concentrated in the north, light industry and agriculture in the more populous south. The

country has good supplies of most minerals, except oil, but the people do not like to tear up the earth because they are afraid of disturbing the graves of their ancestors.

Korea has 13 ports and 1,106 miles of navigable waterways. The west coast, on the Yellow

Sea, has enormous tides—as high as 30 feet—and coastal flats, while on the east coast the mountains plunge abruptly into the Sea of Japan. Koreans began to keep records of rainfall in the 15th Century and have several centuries' more data than the U.S. Weather Bureau.

THE SAD HISTORY OF A VASSAL STATE



IN 1122 B.C. Ki-tze, a Chinese sage whose legendary grave is marked above, set up dynasty that ruled Korea until 193 B.C. This replaced the one supposedly founded in 2333 B.C. by Tangun, whose mother was a virgin upon whom a god had breathed.



ABOUT 50 A.D. the topknot, shown on criminals in stocks, became symbol of manhood, later of nationalism. Japs made Koreans cut off knots in 1900s.



IN 647 A.D. this granite observatory was built by China-sponsored Silla kingdom, which in 669 united all of Korea. Under the Silla kings Chinese Buddhism, art, science and literature were imported, and Korean culture acquired Chinese look it has never lost.



IN 1876 Koreans, nominally independent but actually vassals of China, sent envoy to Yokohama (above) after Japan, copying the tactics of Admiral Perry, had forced Korea to "open up." Later the U.S. and other nations signed Korean trade treaties.



IN 1894 Korea was pawn in the Sino-Jap war, in which Japanese crushed Chinese at the river city of Pyongyang (above), now capital of Communist North Korea. Ten years later Korea was a battleground in Russo-Jap war.



IN 1905 Treaty of Portsmouth, engineered by Theodore Roosevelt, ended Russo-Jap war but recognized Japan's "interests" in Korea. This gave Japanese base for China invasion in 1930s.



IN SEPTEMBER 1945 Japanese flag was hauled down as the U.S. forces took over South Korea. Talks began with Russia to establish a unified Korea, but efforts failed.



IN DECEMBER 1945 boundary between zones was marked in Russian, English and Korean. The 38th Parallel, fixed at Potsdam, pleased nobody, Koreans least of all.



IN 1946 U.S. General Hodge, Russian General Shtykov and an interpreter (center) got along fine at social functions but still could not agree on Korean unification.



IN 1946 women paraded in U.S. zone, dramatizing the Korean demands for independence and antagonism to proposals for a U.N. interim trusteeship.



IN 1948 U.S. officers were training members of the new South Korean army, who were mainly interested in the loud noise the guns made. Uniforms were Japanese; Koreans now have U.S.-style uniforms.



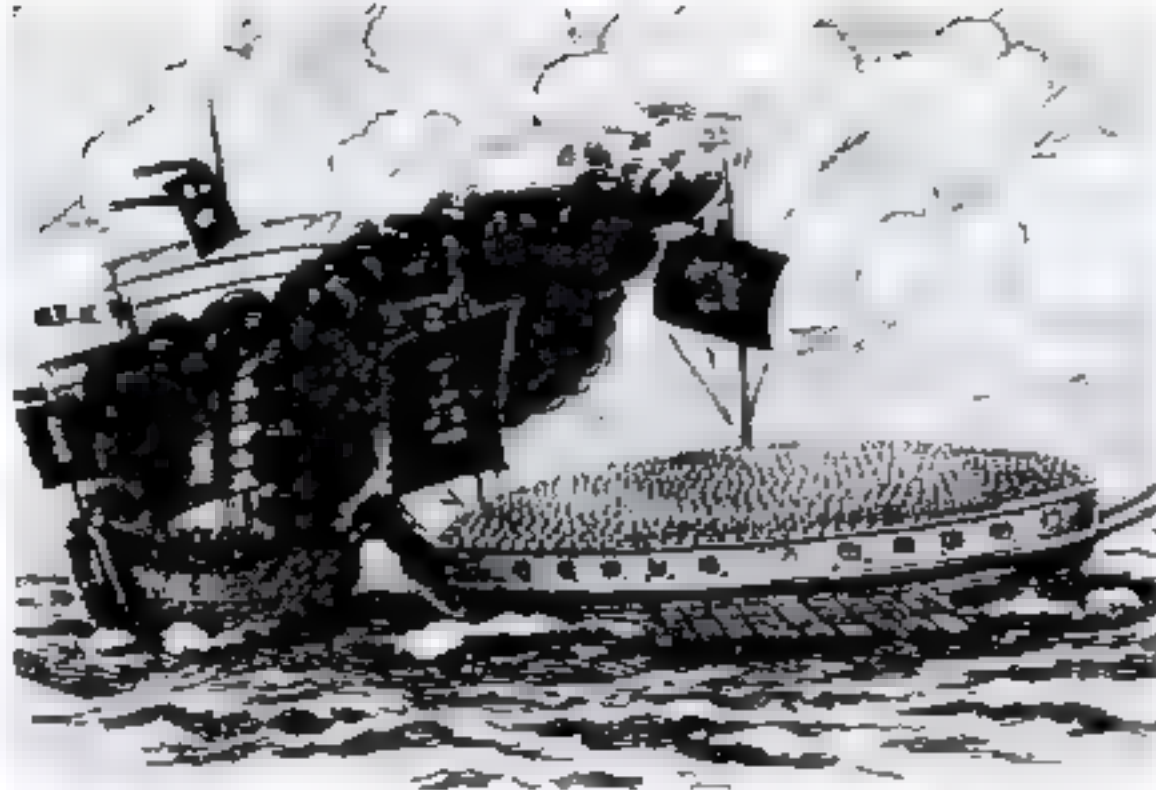
IN 1948 South Koreans had first free election, sponsored by U.N. Since illiteracy is widespread, cities were plastered with how-to-vote posters (above). Despite Communist boycott, 90% of voters turned out, gave a majority to Rhee's Realization of Independence party.



IN 1948 MacArthur attended ceremonies at founding of Korean republic, when Rhee (right) became president. He was chosen by national assembly named in the U.N.-sponsored election.



IN 13TH CENTURY Kublai Khan, Genghis' grandson, ruled. He attempted to conquer Japan, impoverished Koreans and left.



IN 1592 first ironclad, invented by Korean Admiral Yi Sun Sin, destroyed invading Japanese fleet. Craft was topped with spikes to repel boarders, carried cannon and crude bombs. Arrows were shot through mouth of turtlehead prow, which was also used as a ram.



IN 1871 U.S. Marines stormed fort and killed 240 Koreans in retaliation for their having fired on U.S. ships. Americans had sought to make trade treaty with Koreans, who were known as "The Hermit Kingdom" and had been slaughtering the Christian missionaries.



IN 1906, after treaty, Japanese moved in on Korea when they put Prince Ito (above) in charge. He was killed by Korean in 1909.



IN 1907 Ito forced the emperor, Koh-Jong (left) to abdicate. Then, in 1910, the Japanese kicked out his son (right) and annexed Korea.



IN 1919 Syngman Rhee, in exile from 1919 to 1945, was named head of phantom nation in secret Seoul elections.



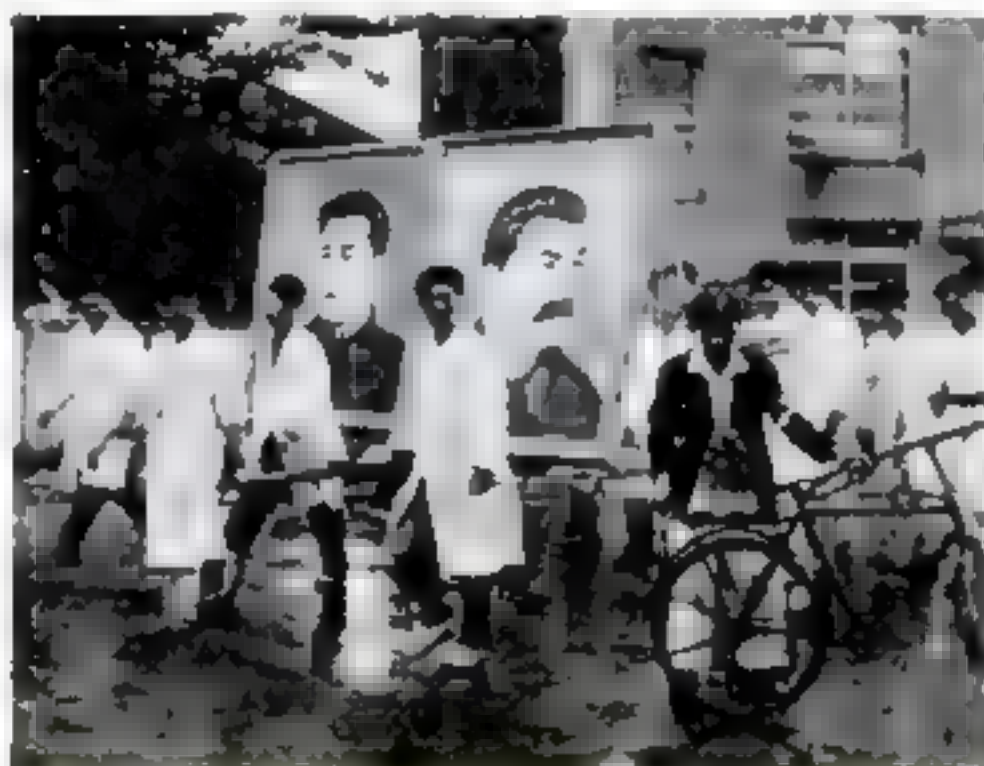
IN 1941 Kim Koo, "Tiger of Korea," became second president-in-exile. He asked freedom "the moment the Japanese collapse."



IN 1945 at the war's end Lyuh Woon Heung had left-of-center government which U.S. spurned. He was killed by fanatic in 1947.



IN 1947 Russian puppet Kim Il Sung, a mysterious figure who showed up from nowhere two years before, attended a second "unification" meeting with Americans. He now heads invading North Korean forces.



IN 1947 Kim's picture was beside Stalin's in North Korean parade. Kim is about 40, supposedly an ex-guerrilla leader. He took name of a Korean patriot, now dead, who fought Japanese about 1910; his real name is unknown.



IN 1947 American wheat was unloaded at Pusan, South Korea, to be sacked in straw bags. This was part of more than \$350 million the U.S. spent on economic and military aid during Korean occupation which ended in July 1949.



IN 1948 a revolt in Rhee's army required five days to put down and was marked by vicious brutality on both sides. Above: loyal soldiers are recapturing port city of Yosu, where rebellion began in a Communist cell of 40 soldiers. Revolt shook Rhee's government, which in elections in May 1950 lost parliamentary strength but not control.



IN 1949 the Korean "Tiger" Kim Koo, now Rhee's political rival, was killed by an army lieutenant, lay beside a table inlaid with a mother-of-pearl tiger.



IN 1949 American flag came down and the Korean flag went up as U.S. troops quit Korea, leaving behind them a supposedly well-trained and able South Korean army.

DEVIL POSTS, DANCING COPS AND REFUGEES



DEVIL POSTS are still seen beside many of the highways. Superstitious Korean peasants pause before them to ward off the evil spirits.



OPEN-AIR BARBERSHOP serves customers outside thatched hut in a small town. Koreans conduct much of their business outdoors although the capital city of Seoul is a modern metropolis.



TRAFFIC COP in Seoul goes through series of balletlike motions at a street crossing. Koreans greatly admire such graceful movements.



MARATHON RUNNING is a Korean specialty. Here Kee Yong Ham wins the 1950 Boston race. Other Koreans were second, third.



SCHOOLBOY spins homemade top on hard-packed earth. Many hundreds of schools have been established in Korea by Christian missionaries—many of them from the U.S.—during past century.



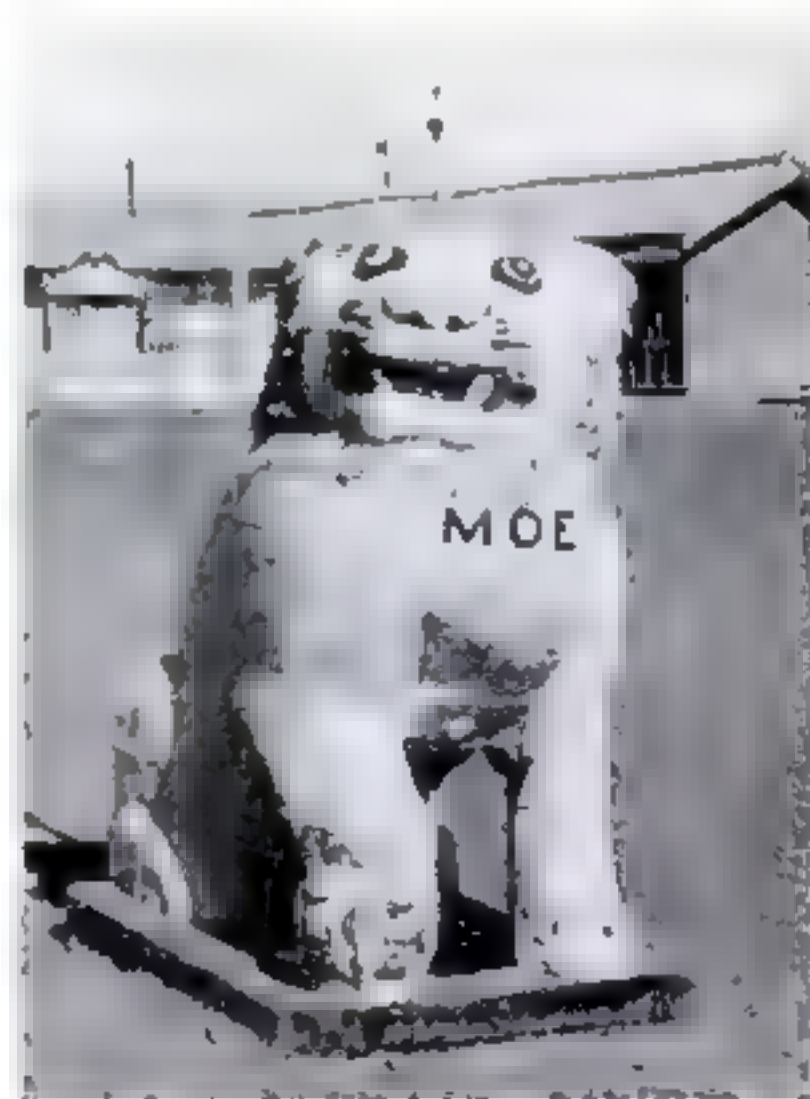
KOREAN MOTHER carries her baby on her back while doing her interminable laundry. The usual soap is the ashes of burned straw.



BOARDJUMPING is an old game of Korean girls. It was designed so that they could look over the walls behind which they were kept.



PORTABLE HEATER on this youngster's back consists of a box filled with sand and burning charcoal. It kept him warm while he crossed high mountain passes from North into South Korea.



GOOD-LUCK DOG, similar to those which guard a Korean palace, was nicknamed by the GIs who installed it at their base near Inchon.



WEARILY TRUDGING REFUGEES
ARE A SIGHT WHICH IS ALMOST
AS OLD AS THE LAND ITSELF



OUR LADY of RISK

A sensitive observer discovers at a monastery rebuilt from ruins the "old, new-found sense of brotherhood" Europe is seeking today

BY ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

HOW beautiful!" I said, looking up at a stone madonna, standing sheltered in her niche above the low arched door of the monastery. Hewn out of dark red stone, her eyes were lowered in contemplation; her arms, hidden in the sleeves of her sculptured robe, were crossed on her breast. She was obviously a modern carving, and yet she had none of the sickly sweetness of the usual modern religious art. In her rough, almost unfinished, simplicity, she was more like those early figures found over the doors of old Breton churches, carvings whose lines, simple enough to begin with, have now been worn bone-simple by the polishing of wind and weather and centuries of time.

I was standing in front of one wing of the newly reconstructed 12th Century Cistercian Abbey of Boquen in Brittany. The long, low building, hugging the land, and built of the granite rock of the land, looked like the Breton fishermen's cottages, here stretched out to fill a communal purpose. The bare stone walls were pierced with the gently rounded arches of early Gothic architecture. The only irregularity in the pattern was this niche above the door, for the madonna, with two rambler roses growing up on either side of her quiet, withdrawn attention.

I turned to Dom Alexis, at my side, the monk who was founder and head of the abbey. He stood like a Breton in his old shoes, a coarse, dark-blue, denim cowl over his somber habit. His bearded face, though worn with a long life of monastic austerity, was gentle and gay as a child's, and his dark eyes flashed under a ring of graying hair.

"Yes," he said, "that was made by one of the Brothers. It is," he went on, smiling quietly as if at some secret joke, "Our Lady of Risk."

"Our Lady of Risk?" I repeated, startled at the unconventional title, and looking into his face to guess its riddle. "You mean—" I hesitated, thinking about the history of the rebuilt monastery that stood before me; thinking of Dom Alexis' own story, which I had heard before I came; hearing, too, the old words of the

New Testament echoing in my mind. "You mean," I went on slowly, looking up at him for confirmation, "one must risk one's life—one must lose one's life to gain it?"

"Yes," said the monk, almost under his breath, still smiling and nodding his head.

I knew what risks he had taken, abandoning an old life and hazarding all on a new one, because of his convictions. I had heard his story, not from himself, but from other Breton neighbors: from my friend, Savina, the sculptor and wood carver in Tréguier; from Dr. Alexis Carrel, who lived on an island near us and who was a frequent visitor at Boquen. I had heard how this monk had left his own monastery and set out alone and penniless to rebuild an abbey more faithful to the early Benedictine precepts; and how this same monk, now with nine followers, had established a new life of contemplation in the rebuilt abbey; and how, finally, this center of contemplative life, buried in the quiet countryside of Brittany, drew to itself people from the world. Students, writers, thinkers found here a man who though isolated from the world—or perhaps because he was—could sometimes feel the world's pulse better than they.

I had wanted to meet Dom Alexis, not only because of his story, but as part of a search, on two postwar trips to Europe, to see if I could tap some of the new streams of thought flowing in a war-ravaged world. Did those streams flow through Boquen too? What was growing from the ruins in Europe? I had thought Dom Alexis might know; he himself had built a new life from ruins.

But would I be able to talk to him? I had

questioned my friend the sculptor. What kind of man was this monk? What was he like? Savina hesitated. Although an artist, unusually observant and articulate, he was unable to describe the monk. "One feels at ease in his presence," he said at last. I, for my part, on meeting Dom Alexis, understood why it is so difficult to describe such a person. It is because the truly religious man is selfless and faceless and almost without personality. His personality, in our common use of the word, disappears. Only his message remains—his message, his work, his effect on people.

And so I had found my way to this lost and isolated part of Brittany. Brittany, which is in itself so lost and isolated a part of France—a jagged promontory, pulling westward from the mainland like a dog straining at the leash, drawn toward the Atlantic, toward the sea. Brittany's is a landscape of gorse and heather and ragged ferns; of twisted wind-swept trees, glimpsed ghostlike through the fog; of small gray stone towns hugging the hillsides, with moss and yellow lichen staining the blue slate roofs; and crooked cobblestoned streets trickling downhill to the sea. The sea is pardoned here, today as yesterday, for the toll of dead it takes each year of the fishing population.

Driving through this countryside I had come to the valley of Plénée-Jugon. Here, sheltered from the insistent cries of civilization—the shrieks of trains, the roar of speed highways and the chatter of telephones—here rise the granite ruins of Boquen.

Here, in the 12th Century, a small body of Cistercian monks set out from their old and flourishing abbey of Bégard to found a new one in the wilderness. Their pilgrimage was part of the great wave of monastic reform and growth in the 11th and 12th Centuries in which St. Bernard was such a towering figure. Here, in bareness and in beauty rose the massive walls that expressed in stone, as one monk has put it, the simplicity, the austerity and the humility of the Benedictine Rule which the Cister-

THE AUTHOR

Mrs. Lindbergh's four books of travel and reflections have won her acclaim as a distinguished stylist and a provocative thinker. Here, writing as a non-Catholic, she tells the story of an abbey in French Brittany, a region she has come to know intimately since she and her husband, the famous flyer, bought an island home off its coast in 1938.



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ABBEY'S LIBRARY dates from the 12th Century. The monk shown working here is Benoit, the architect and sculptor of the statue of Our Lady of Risk.

OUR LADY OF RISK CONTINUED

cians were determined to follow as their guide to a contemplative life. A church, a cloister enclosing the courtyard, dormitories, a refectory, and a library held 100 monks or more during the Middle Ages, until its slow deterioration began in the 15th Century. At the time of the French Revolution, Boquen had shrunk to only two or three monks and converts who acted more as caretakers for the dilapidated buildings than as men of God. And in a few years more, even these were gone. All that remained was an abandoned farm building, the open walls of the church, and ruins which became a marvelous quarry that the neighborhood could pillage for its well-cut stones. Boquen returned to the wilderness it had been before the monks came.

And history repeated itself. Into this wilderness in 1936 came a single monk, filled with the fire of conviction and a desire for renewal, for reform; and with a belief that one might recapture the original spirit of monastic life by a return to the original sources. A return, in fact, again to a strict observance of the early Benedictine Rule.

"Why," I asked this monk, Dom Alexis, now standing before me, "why did you come to Boquen?"

"I am of this country," he said simply. And looking at his weather-beaten face, his black beard, his dark quick eyes of a Celt, one could see the Breton fishermen who rounded Cape Horn in his forebears. The place, he told me, suited his need for renewal, for there was nothing there; he could start afresh. There was nothing but the church in ruins, and the ruins were beautiful.

"It is good to have foundations that are beautiful," said the monk. "Then one is obliged to make what one builds equal to it."

"He had felt... a call"

DOM ALEXIS had come to rebuild. He had left his own monastery not in careless abandonment, or in undisciplined rebellion. He had felt, in the stern religious sense, a call. His old monastery, he was convinced, had become ossified, frozen in dead forms, and therefore untrue to the original spirit of monasticism. For to Dom Alexis, monastic life, as expressed in the rule of St. Benedict, is a means of releasing and expanding man's true potentialities. It is not a restriction of them. The Benedictine Rule, he feels, is broader, simpler, more flexible and above all more truly human in its understanding of man's capacities than the more formalized, rigid adaptations that have sometimes followed in its wake.

"In all institutions," said Dom Alexis, "there is the need, from time to time, of renovation." So strongly did he feel this call, this need for renewal, that he went out alone, without money or food or friends. He put himself at God's mercy with the Old Testament faith of an Elijah that he would be provided for if his mission was worthy. He staked his life on his conviction. He took the risk taken by all great reformers, all rebels from the accepted system, all pio-

neers: the chance of failure, defeat, and, more bitter still, exclusion from the community of men. For he knew there was no life for him back in the world. He had already renounced the world; he had become a monk. And now he had left the monks' world, also. He was determined never to go back to his monastery. He must make a new one. "I will rebuild or die," were the words in his heart as he set out.

The reformer has to bear what Isaiah called "the burden of the valley of vision." It is the burden of loneliness. For one month Dom Alexis was entirely alone, sleeping in the abandoned farm on a floor of rotted planks with the rain coming in the roof. He had so little to eat at times that he turned to the wizened fruit from a neglected apple tree. "I tried to eat them," he said, laughing gently at himself, "but they were so sour I had to spit them out." And he worked with the vision of a rebuilt monastery and a rebuilt monastic life in his heart, with faith that the impossible could be accomplished. He tore down the vines that were splitting the old walls; he uncovered the paving stones of the original cloister; he carefully set apart the fragments of carved pillars or window arches to be pieced together again. He worked as a Breton peasant works. The Bretons around him may have looked at him first with resentment at his intrusion, or at least with the natural suspicion with which they look at a stranger. For they are a taciturn people, reserved, hidden, not giving themselves easily, like their austere landscape. ("Do you love the country in Brittany?" an American friend once asked me. "Yes," I had replied quickly, and then, remembering that rock-strewn, fog-shrouded coast line, I added reflectively, "but it is not an easy country to love.") The Bretons are not an easy people to love, nor do they give themselves easily in love; but once they accept a stranger, they accept him wholeheartedly.

Watching Dom Alexis with canny peasants' eyes they saw that this stranger was working as hard as they; was as poor, even poorer than they. Besides, his face was friendly and smiling. He did not seem like a stranger. Was he not from their country? He knew the problems of their lives and was quick to sympathize with them on the dry summer or the poor crop of wheat. Some of the charity on his face was reflected on theirs.

"The rebirth . . . had begun"

ONE morning when Dom Alexis rose from his board bed he found outside his door a sack of potatoes, a silent testimony to his acceptance in the community. He thanked God and gratefully took the gift. Silently, more gifts appeared, unasked for and unsought. One morning—a month had passed—Dom Alexis found at his door his first follower. The rebirth of Boquen had begun.

Slowly, then, the monastery grew. First one follower, then three and four; now 10 monks sing the offices and practice the Benedictine Rule in the reborn monastery. Here, with no roof over their heads and no farm established, it was not only a duty but a necessity to follow the precept that a monk must live by his own labor. The monks set out to rebuild a chapel in which to pray, and roofs to sleep under. They had to bring back to cultivation, out of the thorns and weeds, the big garden which would be their chief source of sustenance.

People who saw the buildings rise were impressed by the fervor of the laboring monks and brought them gifts to speed the work. Some land was bought and a cow, from which the monks raised six more. The Bishop of St. Brieuc took the new monastery under his obedience. A chapel, a workshop, dormitories, a refectory, a kitchen have all risen from the ground. Built with love, with faith and with reverence for the old form, it is no wonder that the now completed two sides of the quadrangle that will enclose the cloister are beautiful. And the big church, its outlines uncovered by the monks, has now been adjudged a national monument, worthy of restoration by the State.

Here, then, in the old lantern a new light is burning. A life of purity, of prayer, of work fills again the old walls. Its influence overflows onto the surrounding countryside. For if the monastery has rebuilt its medieval frame and recaptured a medieval spirit, it also performs incidentally many medieval roles in the community. The Breton peasants come here, as their forefathers did before them, for help from these more skilled and more educated Brothers—or "Fathers" as they call them. The monks are now an accepted part of the community-family.

During the war, Boquen fulfilled the age-old role of an asylum. Hundreds of refugees, driven south by the German invasion, found shelter in its walls; and a French aviator lies buried in the abbey ruins alongside an ancient prince of Brittany, both graves open to the sky.

This, then, is a medieval story, the story of the renewal of an

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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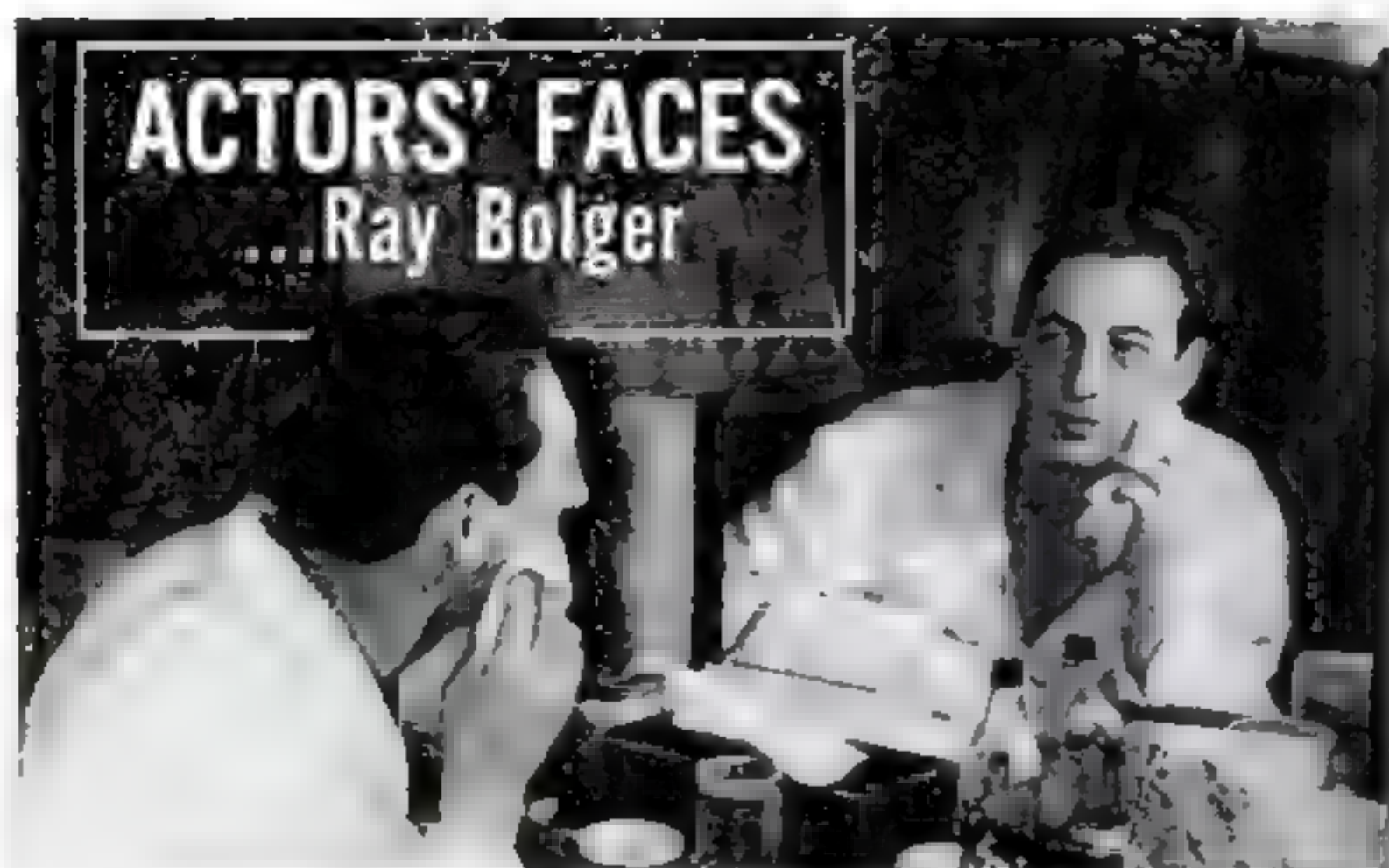
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RECONSTRUCTED WING of the Cistercian Abbey at Boquen provides communal rooms for the monks on the ground floor, dormitory cells above.

OUR LADY OF RISK CONTINUED

old order; the visible proof of that renewal showing itself in the physical reconstruction of the old walls. It is the moving story of one man's faith, like that of St. Robert of Molesmes or St. Bruno of the Middle Ages, and how that faith is rewarded. But what is its significance to the modern world?

The fact that one asks such a question is perhaps the best indication of the world's need for such a place as a monastery and for such monks as Dom Alexis. The fact that we must weigh everything in physical scales is certainly a proof that we have lost our spiritual ones.

I did not ask this question of Dom Alexis; I could not have looked into his face and asked it. When one looks into the clear eye of a really good man, all values lose their meaning save that of goodness. It is a little like looking into the eye of a child. One does not ask of a child what his significance is in the world or how he justifies his existence. One is merely grateful that he exists.

In the same way, I was grateful that Dom Alexis and his monastery existed. I was glad that in a very imperfect life there were centers of men attempting a more perfect way of living. I was glad that in a world that did obedience to material possessions and acquisitions and values, there were small groups of men who did obedience to spiritual values alone; that in a world full of fear, there were those who feared nothing but not to do God's will; that in a world of hate and strife and war, here was a harbor of peace, of harmony, of love.

"Silence is their homeland"

I NOT only felt grateful; I felt convinced that the material world needed these intense burning cores of spirit and that their influence was actual, even if immeasurable. I knew, in fact, that the influence of this monastery was actually measurable. I had heard that many people from the world came to Boquen to make a retreat, to join for a short time in the life and work of the monks, and to talk to Dom Alexis. Moreover, I knew that he would not consent to see these people for his own interest, pleasure, or out of politeness. Idle conversation would have no meaning for him. One could not speak with him, even for a short time, without realizing that he was one of those contemplatives of whom Ernest Hello wrote: "Speech is for them a journey they make out of charity to the dwelling of other men. But silence is their homeland." Dom Alexis saw people, talked with them, answered their questions and wrote them, only because he felt it might increase in the world that

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About Next Week's

LIFE

I WAS in Tokyo just finishing a story on Japanese art and culture and I was trying to figure ways to caption my picture of one particularly exotic bronze so as to convince my editors that it deserved fullest play in the magazine. Then the news of war in Korea came."

That is LIFE Photographer David Douglas Duncan, telling how it began for him. He got to Korea in a C-47 and as he landed near Seoul a battered jeep drove up. In it was Frank Gibney, TIME-LIFE correspondent in Tokyo who had beaten Duncan over by a few hours and become one of the war's first American casualties: a mine blew up the bridge his jeep was crossing. Gibney cabled LIFE's editors in New York that his wounds were minor. He followed with his description of the war. Then he sent a personal request. Please would someone have eyeglasses made up from his prescription and flown to Tokyo. His had broken in the explosion.

Gibney flew out but Duncan went on to maneuver through the fighting areas. On Thursday he telephoned from Tokyo to tell Managing Editor Ed Thompson that he had dispatched his first films and please would someone call up his father in Kansas City and tell him Dave was all right.

Back home our coverage of the war on domestic fronts had begun—at the White House, State Department, U.N. and in Sycamore, Ill. From the files came banks of material we had been gathering for years against the day it might be needed. All the while we waited impatiently for Duncan's films. They had been put on Pan American flight 806, due to arrive in Los Angeles Friday night just in time to make an American Airlines plane that would arrive in New York Saturday afternoon—our editorial deadline. We cabled Honolulu to make sure the pictures could be gotten off quickly. The Washington customs office told Los Angeles customs to speed inspection. Our Los Angeles bureau head Gene Cook was about to start out for International Airport to transfer the pictures when word came that fog forced the plane to land at Burbank. He rushed to Burbank, had 25 minutes to get across Los Angeles to the International Airport. The trip is almost 35 miles. He made it with one minute to spare—and that included time out for a colloquy with a cop who stopped Cook, asked him what his hurry was, and then said OK but remember the Policeman's Benefit.

You can see Duncan's pictures taken barely a week ago in Korea in this issue. He and Gibney are back in Korea again. Carl Mydans, Tokyo bureau head for three years who had come back to the U.S. to settle down for a while, has gone back to join them. Other veterans of LIFE's war coverage are being alerted to go to the front. Next week, and as long as trouble continues, LIFE's news-gathering staff in the field and back home will help LIFE's readers see and understand the events they are hearing about.

ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*



FRANK GIBNEY



DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN



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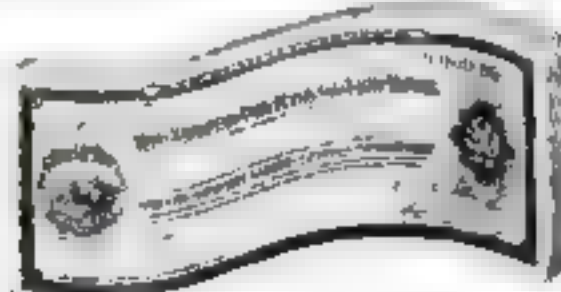


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OUR LADY OF RISK CONTINUED

"Still, it is Christianity."

I had agreed that it was Christianity, even if unrecognized in this new form.

For this new sense of brotherhood, as Dom Alexis discerned, is not primarily religious. It is not founded on a belief in God. "We are not atheist, exactly," a young girl explained to me, "we are searching for something. But the old God is too far away, too incomprehensible; we believe in man." What one feels growing in these young people is a sense of Brother without a sense of Father. One may question whether it is possible to have a brother without a father. *Brother* implies *Father* in some sense of the word. Perhaps, however, if one has lost one's father, the best way to find him again is through one's brother. "Perhaps the mystery of God," as Berdyaev has said, "is better revealed by the mystery of man than by a direct search for God to the exclusion of man." Perhaps man may return to God this way.

At any rate, Dom Alexis feels very strongly that the love of God and the love of man cannot be separated.

"Look at the two great commandments," he said. "The first is that you shall love the Lord with all your soul and with all your heart and with all your mind. And the second says you should love your neighbor as yourself. You cannot separate the two; you cannot truly do one without doing the other. You cannot truly love God if you do not love your neighbor and seek to serve him."

The divorce of action from contemplation, he feels, is one of the great maladies of our time. The monastery itself he looks upon as a kind of symbol of the balance between the two, and the life of the monk as an example of balance between work and prayer.

"Many come for this," continued the monk. "They see here, above all else, an example of living what one believes, expressing it in actions, not in words."

Again I found Dom Alexis' words tapping one of the great streams of thought, or rather of longing, among the young in Europe today. For the trends of thought are hardly more than longings for new directions. "We are sick of politics and sick of theories," was a universal cry among them. "We want to act democracy first, then talk about it," said a young German student. "War?" said a young French doctor to a question of mine. "We are not thinking about war. If we did, we could not work—and we are working. This is not what you Americans call an ostrich attitude. It is an intuitive and instinctive reaction and a healthy one. I believe it is true all over Europe."

"Acting on what one believes"

PERHAPS the most articulate of all those I talked to was a young German Rhodes scholar who had risked his life in the anti-Hitler plot. "We Europeans," he said, "have all been victims of schizophrenia. We talk about taking 20 steps and don't take one. The American talks about taking one step and takes it. What the world needs is more of the pragmatism you Americans have—acting on what one believes."

"You should read Saint-Exupéry," I said in return. "He expressed it for our whole generation." And I read to him from an interview at the beginning of the war:

"The Christian idea has got to be served; that the Word is made Flesh—the reason why we are in this war, why there is a Hitler, why our whole civilization is crumbling up, is because this has not been so. Our words and our actions are not one. We say things and we pretend to believe things, but what we say is not translated into the deed. And the deed is divorced from Faith, from the Word. And so, since we have not been all of a piece ourselves, personally and in all our institutions, we have been divided souls and a divided society. . . ."

"Yes," said the German, listening to the words of his former enemy, "he is right; what the world needs is wholeness."

Dom Alexis would agree. "Christianity," he said, stretching out his arms, "seeks the full blossoming of all the powers of man." How does this fit into a monk's conception of life? Dom Alexis is convinced it is in the pure monastic tradition. "More and more," he once wrote, "in the light of that incomparable rule—the rule of St. Benedict—I conceive of the monastic life as a treatment applicable to the human being in his entirety, embracing him completely, molding itself on each individual according to his peculiarities, capacities, possibilities, in such a manner as to grasp, to apprehend, all that the human person contains of good—to improve him and make him produce and give all that man is capable of giving in his body as well as in his soul."

But how to carry out such a project? Dom Alexis would feel that his small center of "wholeness" for practicing the two command-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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OUR LADY OF RISK CONTINUED

ments might be a core of radiation for such a spirit. He hopes that "from the outer world, one can come, enter into contact with this center of truly human culture and draw from it examples, lessons, precepts"; and that "this center will exert its influence through this contact and also through the spiritual effort of prayer and mortification." He envisages more centers springing from this first one, acting as a yeast to leaven the world.

"On the full tide of faith"

A SLOW process, perhaps. There are not many monks like Dom Alexis or centers like Boquen. How powerful is the seed of one man or one group? The young people in Europe I talked to who were reaching out for new directions, they too may be only a few seeds. Still it is significant that they exist at all, just as it is significant that Dom Alexis and his monastery exist.

Dom Alexis himself is not disheartened at the immensity of the program before him. "In Boquen," as he once wrote, "one sails on the full tide of faith." Has his monastery not grown from the bare ground? If you talk to him about the possibility of atomic wars, new invasions, the menace of Communism, the destruction of Europe—he admits that all these catastrophes are possible, but he does not believe that any of them would mean the end of civilization or the destruction of Christianity.

There might be another Dark Ages, he said, but civilization would come back; Christianity would come back. The monasteries, even if destroyed, would return, as they have before. Perhaps underground at first, but they would return.

Dom Alexis paused to look at the monastery walls in front of us—the unfinished roof, the open vault of the church, and the monks passing back and forth unhurriedly in their old robes and sabots, pushing wheelbarrows of stones. "One must keep working," he said, "just as during the war, when everything seemed to be sinking in France. Everything was going down. Many of my Brothers were drafted in the war; there were only four of us left. And yet," he said, "we worked. It was more important than ever to have something constructive growing in the midst of all that was going down. It was then that we raised this building."

I looked up at its sheer, simple walls. The beautiful stones, well joined, rain-washed and shining in the sun, reflected to my eye the colors of Brittany: the gray of the granite rocks, the russet of the fishermen's sails, the slate blue of stormy seas. And among the stones, my eye rested again on the statue in the niche, *Notre Dame du Risque*. She is well placed, I thought, and well named.



DOM ALEXIS, founder of the monastery at Boquen, wears the coarse denim clothes and the wooden shoes of the Breton peasants with his monk's cassock.

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By Cooper

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SQUEEKER AND PAL JO-JO WADE OUT INTO THE WATER. IN EACH HAND THE BOY HOLDS A CRACKER WHICH IS USEFUL FOR BRIBING CROWS TO DO TRICKS

JO-JO THE CROW

Boy finds playmate in a bird
that can speak and do tricks

"Squeeker" Rowland's stepfather took Jo-Jo from a nest high in a pine tree near Stinson Lake in New Hampshire when the crow was a tiny fledgling only about 3 weeks old. Squeeker, whose real name is Jay, fed Jo-Jo meat, crackers and Coca-Cola on which the little bird thrived. At first he was kept in a cage, but when he was around 7 weeks old Squeeker gave him a chance to fly away if he wanted to. Jo-Jo did not fly

far, made his home in a tree close to Squeeker's house. He liked to play with Squeeker in the lake and he learned to do tricks, like rolling on his back and juggling a wad of paper with his feet. He also learned to say "hullo" and "Jo-Jo" in a hoarse voice. Then one day Jo-Jo disappeared. Squeeker hoped he would come back. But after days passed with no Jo-Jo, Squeeker brokenheartedly decided that a hunter had shot him.




IN THE MORNING Jo-Jo stands outside a screened porch door waiting for breakfast. If food was not put out on time, he protested with loud "caw-caws."



AT LUNCHTIME Squeaker, sitting in a beached rowboat, holds out a bottle of Coke to give Jo-Jo a drink. Wild crows live on mice, insects, farmers' corn.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97



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By ROD RODRIGUEZ
Auto Editor

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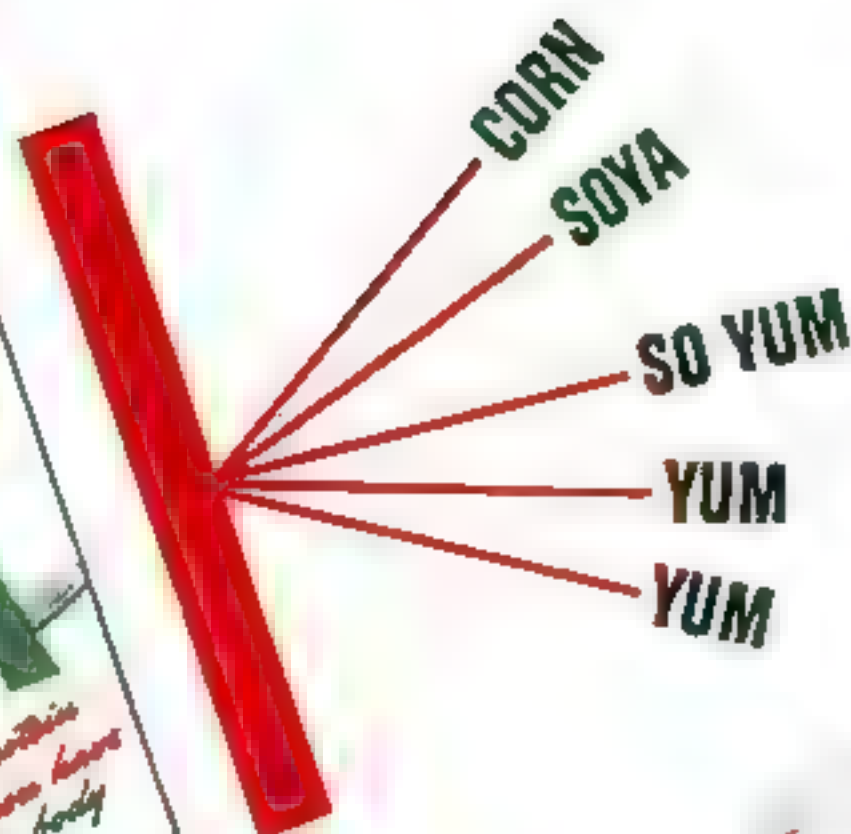
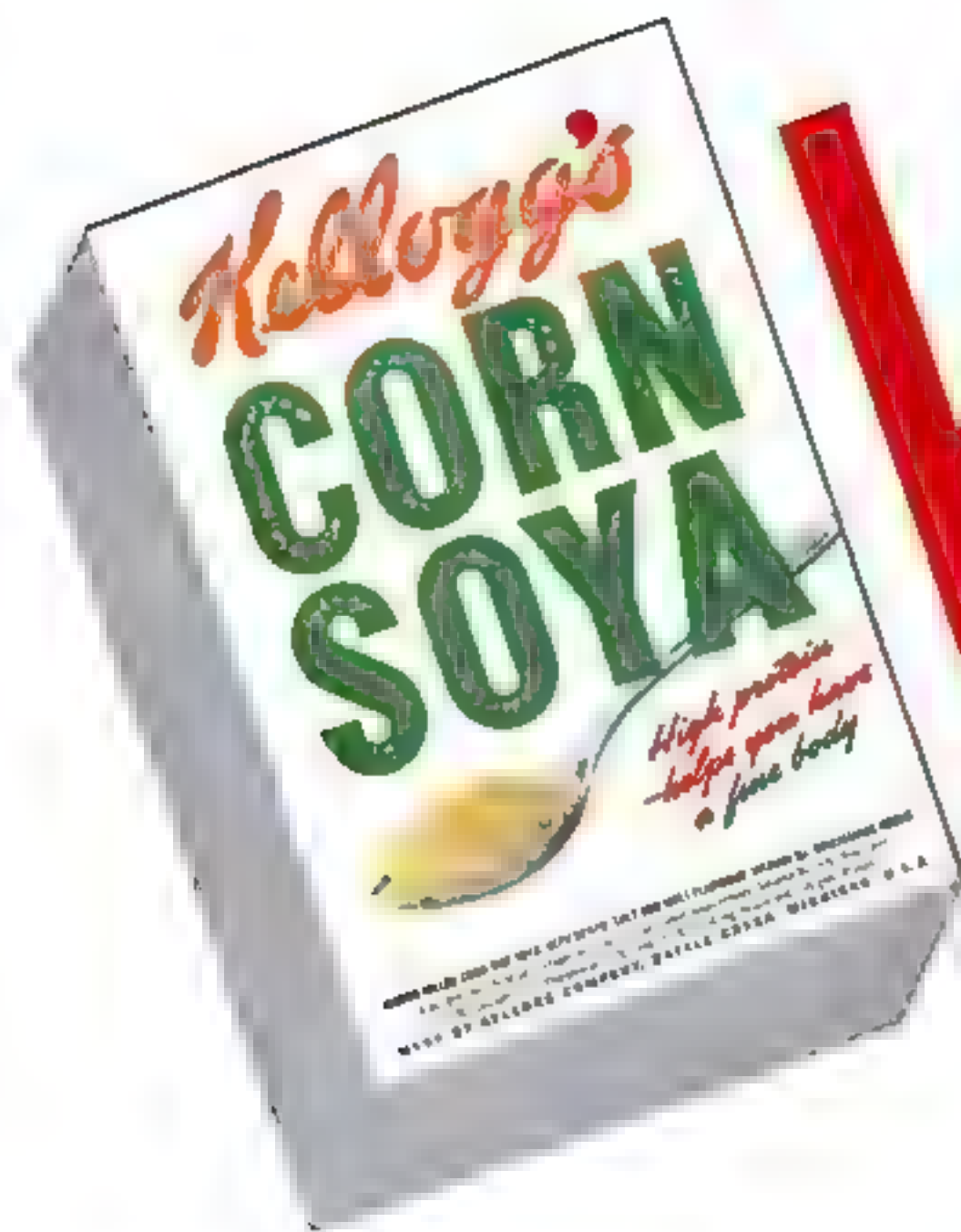
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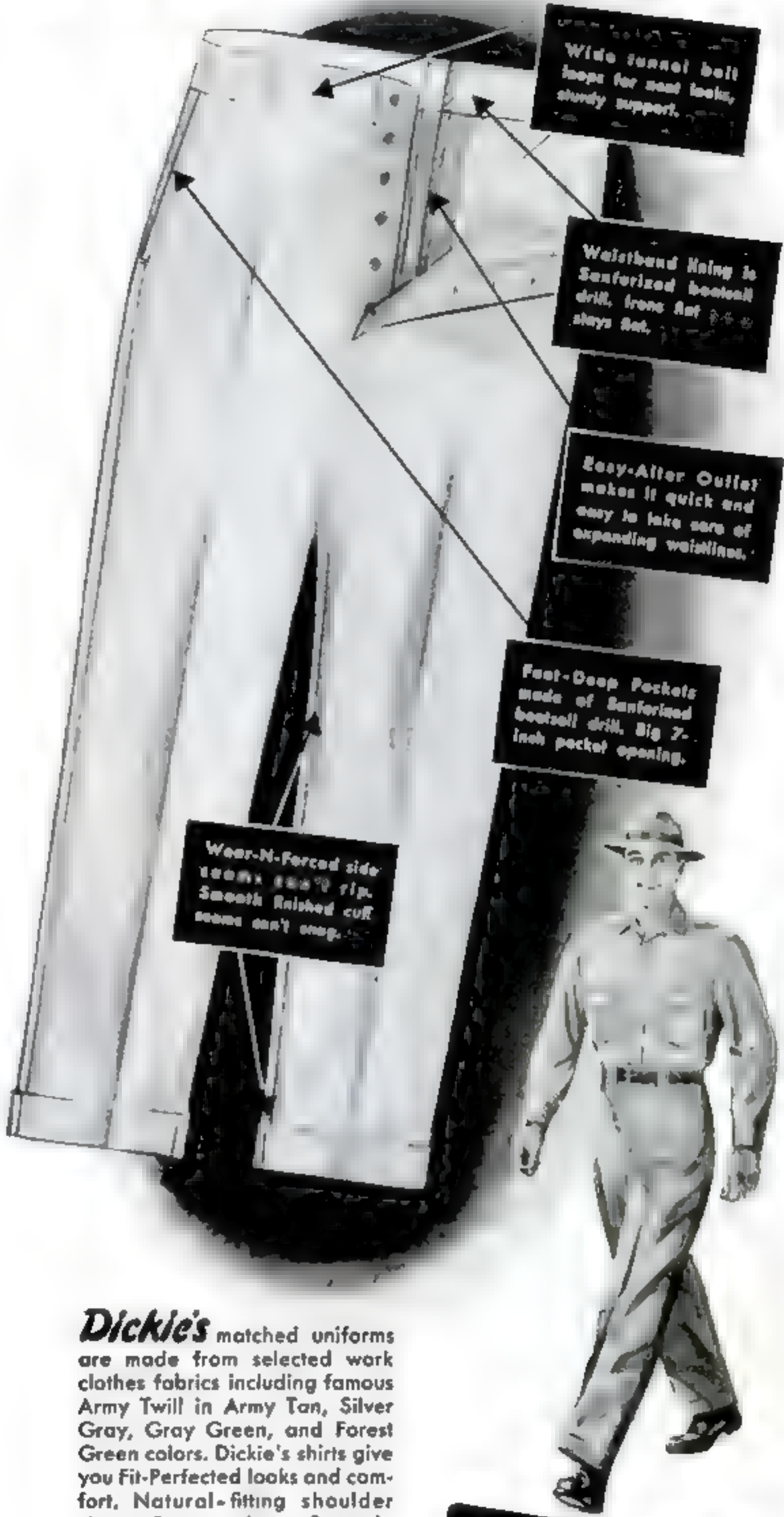
KNOCKING HAT OFF, Jo-Jo dives past Squeaker's head. Jo-Jo likes to steal things, made off several times with house keys, one time with a fountain pen.



UNTYING SHOELACES is trick that Jo-Jo has learned. Here he works on laces of Louis Fredric, who took the pictures on this and the preceding pages.

The Inside Story

Why Dickie's Look Better . . . Wear Longer

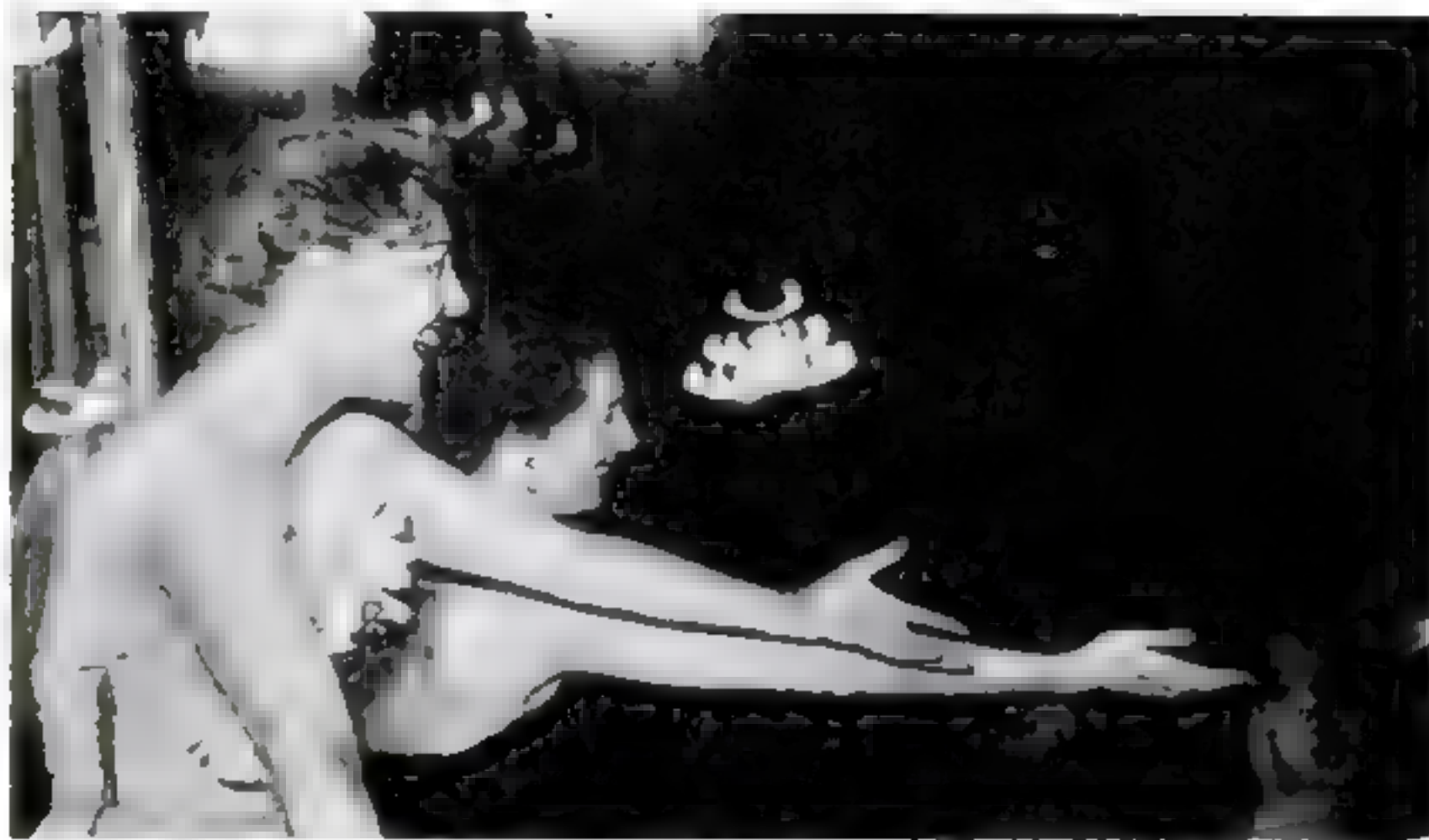


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EFFUSIVE GUESTS, Princess Helene Yourievitch and Comtesse Gisele de la Begassière, wave to friends from one of the courtyard windows. Price of admission to the ball was 6,000 francs (\$17) or 10,000 francs for a seat in one of the "boxes."

The Paris Season

**THE PARISIANS RECAPTURE ITS GLITTER
WITH A PAIR OF SPECTACULAR PARTIES**

Between May 15, when wealthy Parisians returned to Paris from the Riviera, and July 1, when they left for their country estates, the French capital used to burst out into its glittering season—an elegant time of private balls and public festivals. This year the season saw almost no big private parties—the less expensive cocktail parties have taken their place—but the big public galas, held for charity, were spectacular enough for the most carping oldtime Parisian. Fanciest was the ball given for the benefit of abandoned children by the Princess Dolly Radziwill-Tvede and the Baroness de Cabrol at the Hotel Lambert, the 300-year-old mansion of Prince Czartoryska. In a courtyard by the Seine, transformed into a ballroom, princes, dukes, counts, countesses and marquises danced until 5 a.m. Next night, on another bank of the Seine, the kind of party that always gives the season a special quality of elaborate rowdiness took place (*turn page*).



EXCLUSIVE GUESTS in room on upper floor are, clockwise, Mme. Dewavrin (back to camera), Olivier Mazen, Princess Kyra Troubetzkoy, Couturier Pierre Balmain, Mme. Francois Coussault, Marquise de Ravenel, Marquise de Villalobar.





PEARL TYCOON Michael Goldman of Paris Tecla Pearl Co. dances with wife. Other guests. Barbara Hutton, Duke and Duchess of Windsor.



CAREFUL LADY picks her way off the dance floor. Four orchestras played, one in the main ballroom, two in private room upstairs, one for ballet.



TIRED COUPLE enjoy some fresh air in the garden. The mansion is situated on the Ile St. Louis, an island in the middle of the Seine River.

LUSH SETTING was made by laying floor in courtyard (left), hanging velvet drapes on walls, making over windows to look like opera boxes.



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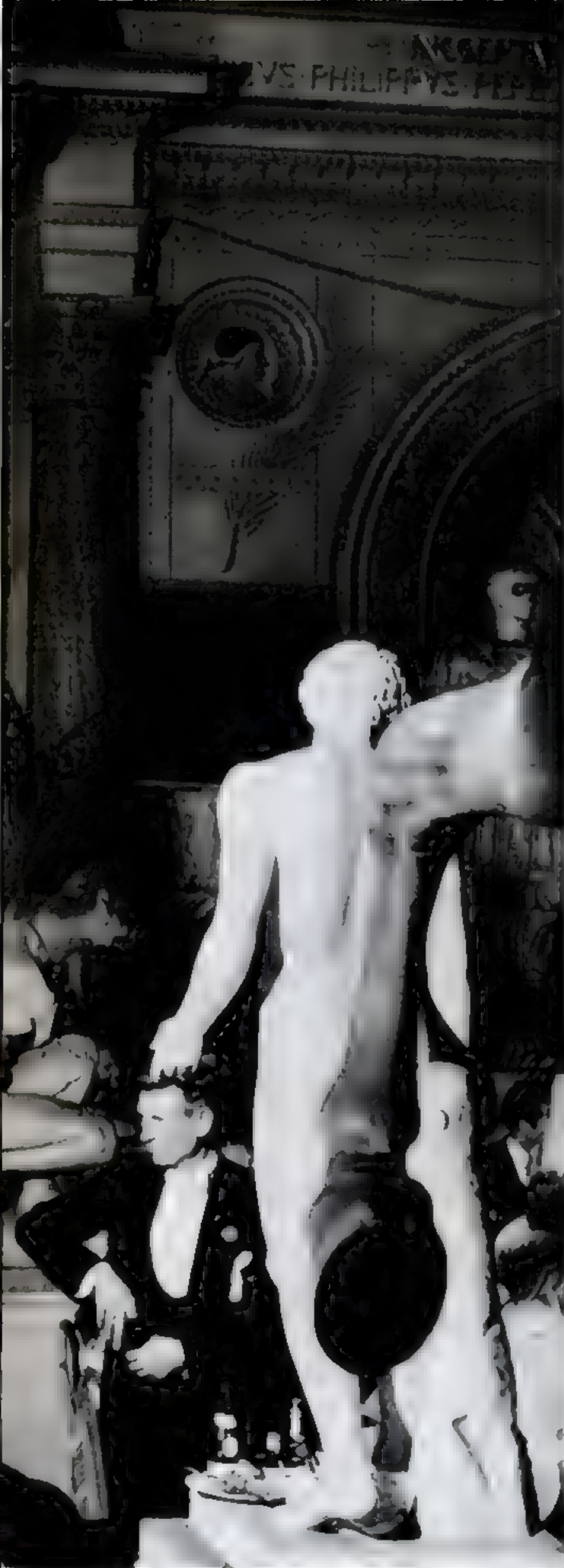
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STUDENTS WHOOP IT UP ON LAND AND IN WATER

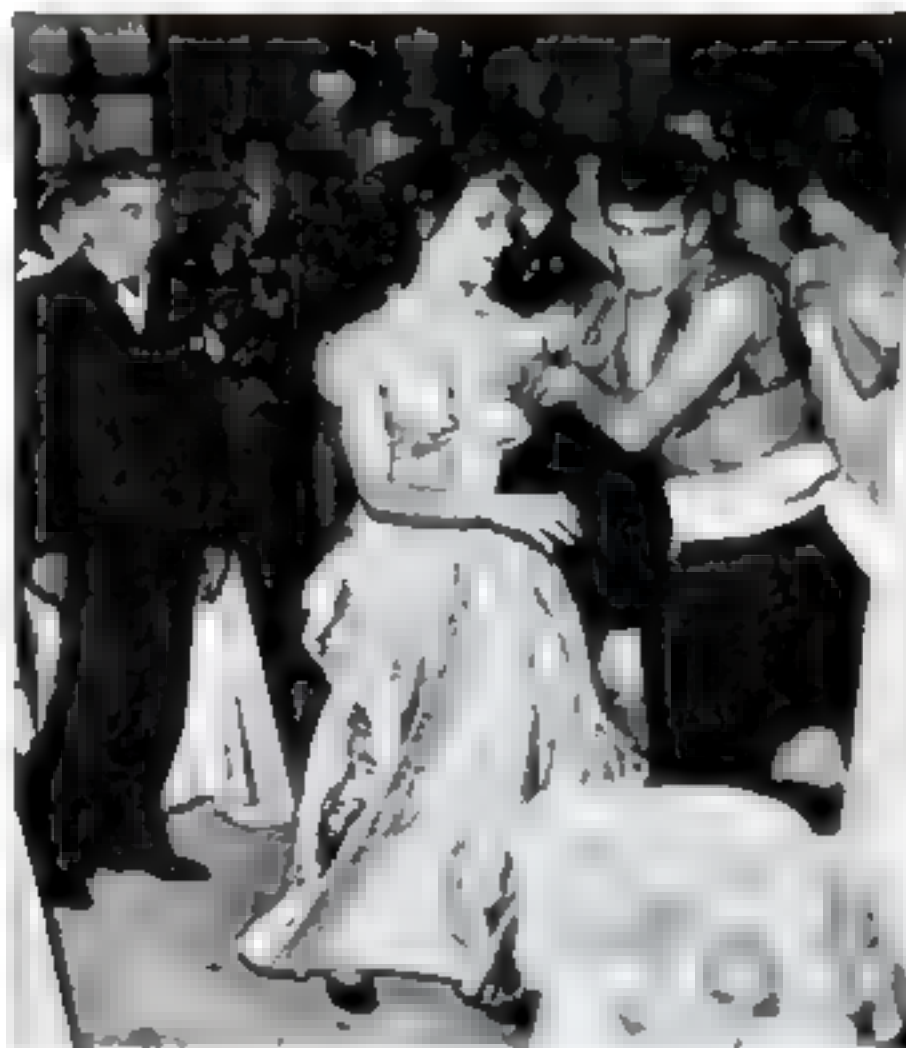


OF STATUE "CASTOR," SERVED AS TEMPORARY DINING ROOM

On the Seine's Left Bank, students at the Ecole des Beaux Arts maintained their reputation for wild parties. The theme was "Venice in the 16th Century," which gave students a chance to put on both a pageant and a naval battle. Dancing amid the school's huge plaster statues, all masked, went on until 7 a.m., when guards forced it into the streets.



WADING, student dressed as a 16th Century pope jumped into water after taking part in "Wedding of the Doge and the Sea," re-enactment of famous pageant held yearly in Venice.



JITTERBUGGING takes over the chapel, one of school's exhibition galleries. In another gallery caterers set up tables among Greek coffins. Ball was staged by an organization for the aid of needy students.



SKIRMISHING between "Venetians" (above) and "Turks" occurred in mock naval battle on Seine. Floats later were set ablaze by fireworks, had to be doused by fireboat.

What's so uncommon about THIS common carrier



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AS DAWN ARRIVES a dreamy couple still sits below a copy of Verrocchio's famous statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, a 15th Century Venetian general.

*There was no doubt
in one man's mind about*

...the Kendall Place

GEORGE WILSON was leaning on the white picket fence in front of the Kendall house, apparently admiring the roses that grew in the garden.

But Bob Drake, walking down the street toward home, noticed that now and again George would look up at the house and cock his head to one side as if he were mentally measuring the size of the roof. Which, considering that George Wilson was one of the biggest real estate brokers in town, was probably of greater interest to him than the roses on the other side of the fence.

"Beautiful this year, aren't they, George?" he said as he came near. George swung around, saw the grin on Bob's face and smiled back.

"They sure are! You know, I've always been a great lover of roses—especially when they grow on a nice lot, are convenient to stores and schools and are set in such a charming background." He shook his head and gestured toward the neat white house. "I've just been standing here wondering if Sarah Kendall would be interested in selling it."

Bob Drake's eyebrows lifted slightly.

"I've got a man from out of town," George went on quickly, "who's very anxious to get just such a place as this. In fact, he noticed it as we drove by this morning and asked if it was on the market. Told him I'd find out. But in a way, I

hate to talk to Sarah about it right now, being it's such a short time since Bill Kendall died, and all that . . ." His voice trailed off and he looked at the other man as if a new thought had suddenly flashed through his mind. "Say, Bob—you've known the Kendall family a long time, haven't you? What do you think?"

Bob Drake glanced at the house, then studied a nearby rose-bush for a moment. He thought of Sarah Kendall and her three children. He recalled the time, after Bill Kendall died, when he stopped in to talk with Sarah about her husband's life insurance and what it had been planned to do for her and the children. Bill was one of the most thoughtful men he'd come across in all his years as a New York Life agent, and had left things so that Sarah would never have to sell the house or move unless she wanted to.

He remembered what Sarah Kendall had told him then—how deeply grateful she was that she could raise her family in the home, the neighborhood, the town they loved so well . . .

Bob shook his head slightly as he turned and spoke to George Wilson. "I don't see any harm in asking Sarah about it, George. But frankly I don't think she'll want to sell it for a long, long time to come."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.



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For Men, Women, Children and Infants



MISCELLANY



17 LB. 3 OZ. BABY

When the Dublin doctor who delivered Mary Kinch's latest put newborn Anthony Michael on the scales at the Kinch home he couldn't believe it, so he brought his own scales. Then he got another doctor in and tried *his* scales, but it was still the same: 17 pounds 3 ounces. That did not equal the world's record—24-pound babies have been reported—but it was a record in the family: the first Kinch daughter weighed only 13 pounds, the third 14 pounds 11 ounces. Colossal Kinches are no surprise. Mother, shown above with 9-day-old Anthony, weighs 252.

St. Bernards race disaster *across Alpine snows*

1 "I was scared when my brother Walter, skiing alone high in the Swiss Alps above Andermatt, didn't return for lunch," writes Hardy Regli, an American friend of Canadian Club. "The St. Bernards are his only hope if he's in trouble," the guides said. The brutal Alpine night was almost upon us before the dogs located Walter... alive, but with a broken leg.



2 "It was a nightmare picking our way down through the vast blackness of Oberalp Pass. Bottomless crevasses were almost invisible in the dim light of the flares. Pulling Walter on an improvised sled, we made the 4,000-foot descent at a snail's pace.



3 "Next morning, with Walter safe in a doctor's care, I saw how St. Bernard puppies are trained for rescue work. Instinct, stamina and an incredible sense of smell enable these dogs to find a man even when fresh snow has wiped out all visible traces. 'Smartest dogs in the world,' the guides boasted...



4 "That covers a lot of territory," I said later at the Hotel Lowen. "And so does this!" For the waiter had brought the whisky I've enjoyed all over the world... Canadian Club!

5 "Alpine skiing calls for a different skill than skiing on hard-packed American slopes. But here as everywhere a call for the best in the house brings Canadian Club." Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light

as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening long... in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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